

The Famous
HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
Christendom.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE

Shewing the Princely Prowess, Noble Atchievements, and Strange Fortune of St. **GEORGE'S** Three Sons, the lively Sparks of Nobility.

The Combates and Turnaments of many Valiant Knights, the Loves of many Gallant Ladies, the Tragedies of Mighty Potentates.

ALSO,

The Manner and Places of the Honourable Deaths of the Seven Champions, being so many Tragedies; and how they came to be called the Seven Saints of **CHRISTENDOM.**

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LIVE WISE

Showing the Principles of the Noble Art of
Manners and the True Portraits of the
Great, the truly Sparks of Nobility.
The Characters and Transitions of many Valiant
and Fighting the Loves of many Gallant
Tragicities of many Fortunes.

1720

The Author has been of the Honour
of the most Excellent and Learned
of the most Excellent and Learned
of the most Excellent and Learned

Printed by J. K. at the Sign of the
Three Kings in St. Dunstons Church
Lane London

To the Right Honourable, the Lord
William Howard, Richard Johnson wisheth En-
crease of all Prosperity.

AS it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleased
your most Noble Brother in kindness to ac-
cept of this History, and to grace it with
a favourable Countenance; so am I now en-
boldned to Dedicate the Second Part unto
your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lord-
ship's Hands, not because I think it a Gift worthy the Re-
ceiver; but rather that it should be, as it were, a Witness
of the Love and Duty which I bear to your Right No-
ble House.

And when it shall please you to bestow the Reading of
these Discourses, my humble Request is, That you would
think I wish your Honour as many happy Days as there
be Letters contained in this History.

Thus praying for your Honour's chief Happiness,

I remain your Honour's in all dutiful Love,

To his poor Power,

R. J.

T O T H E

Gentle Reader.

I Have finished The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Christendom, for thy Delight, being thereto encouraged by thy great Acceptance of my First Part. I will not boast of Eloquence nor Invention, thereby to invite thy Willingness to Read; only thy Courtesie must be my Buckler against the carping Malice of mocking Jesters, that being worse able to do well, scoff commonly at that they cannot mend, censuring all things, doing nothing; but (Monkey-like) make Apish Jests at any thing they see in Print: and nothing pleaseth them, except it savour of a scoffing or invective Spirit. Well; what they say of me I do not care, thy Delight only is my Desire; Accept it, and I am satisfied; Reject it, and this shall be my Pennance, never again to come in Print. But having better hope, I boldly lead thee to the Main, from this doubtful Flood of Suspicion, where I rest. Walk on in the History, as in an overgrown and ill husbanded Garden; if among all the Weeds thou finds one pleasing Flower, I have my Wish.

Richard Johnson.

The Honourable History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

CHAP. I.

How St. George's three Sons were entertained into the Famous City of London, and after how their Mother was Slain in a Wood, with the Pricks of a thorny Brake; her Blessings she gave her Sons; St. George's Lamentation over her bleeding Body; and likewise of the Journey the Seven Champions intended to Jerusalem to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.

After St. George, with the other six Champions of Christendom, (by invincible Conquests) had brought into Subjection all the Eastern Parts, and by dint of bloody Wars, pok'd the Stubborn Infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the golden Sun beginneth to arise, as you heard discours'd in the former part of the History, they returned with Conquest of Imperial Diadems, Regal Crowns, Kingly Scepters, to the rich and plentiful Country of England, where in the famous City of London they many a day sojourn'd, a place not only beautified with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a number of valiant Knights, and gallant Gentlemen of courtly Behaviour, and therewithal adorned with Troops of Ladies of divine and celestial Beauties, that cript it up and down the Streets like to the Grecian Queens when as they try'd the Phrygian Warriours in the Alken Snares of Love; whereby it seem'd rather a Paradise for heavenly Angels, than a place for earthly Inhabitants.

Here the Christian Champions laid their Arms aside, here hung they up their Weapons on the Tower of Peace, here their glittering Corsets rusted in their Armories, here was not heard the warlike sound of Drums nor Silver Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor battell Sreeds prepared to the Battel, but all things tended to a lasting Peace. They that had wont in Steele'd Coats to strep in Champion-felds, lay dal-

ling

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ling now in Beds of Silk; they that had wont with weary Arms to wield the warlike Gauchion, sat now embracing lovely Ladies on their Knees; and they whose Ears had wont to hear the ruful cries of slaw, htered Souldiers, were now o'rralop'd with Musick's pleasant Harmony.

In this delicious manner lived these Champions in the City of London, burping the remembrance of all their former Adventures in the Lake of Dilibition, and spending their times in honourable Tists, and courtly Turnaments; where St. George performed many Achievements in honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in honour of their Distresses.

But at last, St. George's three Sons, Guy, Alexander, and David, being all three born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wildberness, and sent into three seberal Kingdoms by their careful Father to be trained up; the one in Rome, to the warlike Romans, another into Wittenburg, to the learded Germans, the thied unto Britain, to the ballant English. But now being grown to some ripeness of Age, and agilitie of Strength, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had not seen from their Infancies, lying in their Cradles; and to trade at his hands the honour of true Knighthood, and to wear the golden Spur of Christendom.

This earnest and princely Request so highly pleased their Tutor, that they furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them honourably into England, where they arrived all thier at one time in the famous City of London, where their Entertainments were most princely, and their Welcomes so honourable, that I want Art to describe, and Penmanship to express.

I omit what sumptuous Pageants and delightful Shows the Citizens provided, and how the Streets of London were beautified with Tapestry, the solemn Bells that rung them joyful Welcomes, and the liver-strained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I pass over the Father's Joy, who prized their Sighes more precious in his eyes, then if he had been made sole Monarch of the golden Mines of rich America; or that every hair that grew on his Head had been equalled with a Kingdom, and he to have as many golden Diadems in his arms. Also their Mother's Welcomes to her Sons, who gave them more Kisses than she breathed forth Sighs at their Deliveries from her painful Womb in the Wildberness.

The other Champions Courtiers were not of the least, nor of the smallest in Account, to these three young Gentlemen; but
to

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to be host: **St. George** (whose Love was dear unto his CH-
men) in his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings,
whereas they spent that day and the night following in royal
Banquetting amongst their princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the Morning Sun upon the Mountain-
tops, and the clear Countenance of the Elements made menti-
on of some ensuing Pastime, but **St. George** commanded a so-
lemn Hunting for the welcome of his Sons.

Then began his Knights to arm themselves in Troops, and
to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well-armed Bo-
spears in their hands, prepared for the Game on foot; but **St.**
George, with his Sons, clad in green Vestments, like **Adonis**,
with Silver Hoins hanging at their Backs, in Scarves of co-
loured Silk, were still the foremost in this Exercise. Likewise
Sabra (intending to see her Sons Valours displayed in the Field,
whether they were in courage like their Father or no, caused a
gentle Halcyon to be provided, whereon she mounted her princely
Person to be witness of these Silvan Sports; she was armed
with a curious Breast-plate, wrought like to the scales of a Dol-
phin, and in her hand she bare a Silver Bow of the Turkish Fashi-
on, like an Amazonian Muse, or **Diana** hunting in the Groves
of **Arcadia**.

Thus, in this gallant manner, rode forth these Hunters to
their princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden some six
Miles from the City of London, there fell from **St. George's**
Hose three drops of purple Blood; whereat he suddenly start-
ed, and therewithal he heard the croaking of a flight of Night-
Rabens, that hovered by the Forrest's side, all which he judg-
ed to be dismal signs of some ensuing Stratagem; but having
a princely Mind, he was nothing discouraged thereat, nor lit-
tle mistrusted the woful Accident that after happned, but with
a noble Resolution entered the Forrest, accounting such fore-
telling Tokens for old Wives Ceremonies, wherein they had not
passed the compass of half a Mile, but they started a wild swift
Stagg, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave Briale
to their Horses, and followed the Game more swifter than Py-
rates pursue the Merchants Ships upon the Seas; but now be-
hold how frowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a
sad and bloody Tragedy; for **Sabra** proffering to keep pace with
them, delighted to behold the vallant Encounters of her young
Sons, and being careless of herself, through the over swiftness
of her Steed, she slipped head her Saddle, and so fell directly
upon

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Upon a thorny bryke of Brambles, the prickes whereof (more sharp than Spikes of Iron) entred to every part of her delicate Body; some pierce the lovely closets of her far-bright Eyes, wheredon (instead of crystal pearled Tears) there issued drops of purest Blood; her Face before that blushed like the Morning's radiant Countenance, was now changed into a Crimson-red; her milk white Hands that lately cradled the happy Lute, did seem to wear a bloody scarlet Glove, and her tender Lips that had often fed her Son with the milk of Nature, were all beset and torn with those accursed Brambles, from whose deep Wounds there issued such a stream of purple Gore, that it converted the Grasse from a lively green to a crimson-bill, and the abundance of Blood that trickled from her Wound began to enlighten her Soul to give the World a woeful farewell. ~~At~~ ^{And} notwithstanding, when her beloved Lord, her sorrowful Son, and all the rest of the most Champions, had washed her wounded Body with a Spring of Tears; and when he perceived that she must of force commit herself to the fury of impetuous Death, he bathed forth this dying Exhortation:

Dear Lord (said she) in this unhappy Hunting must you lose the richest Wife that ever lay by any Prince's side; yet mourn not you, nor grieve you my Sons, nor you brave Christian Knights: but let your warlike Drums convey me royally to my Tomb, that all the World may write in brazen Books, how I have followed my Lord (the Pride of Christendom) through many a bloody Field, and for his sake have left my Parents, Friends and Country, and have travelled through many a dangerous Kingdom; but now the cruel Fates have wrought their last spight, and finished my Life, because I am not able to perform what Love he hath deserved of me. And now to you my Sons this Blessing do I leave behind, even by the Pains that forty Weeks I once endured for your sakes, when as you lay enclosed in my Womb, and by my Travels in the Wildernds, whereas my Groans upon your Birth-day did (in my thinking) cause both Trees and Stones to drop down Tears, when as the merciless Tygers and tameless Lyons did stand like gentle Lambs, and mourned to hear my Lamentations, and by a Mother's Love that ever since I have born you, imitate and follow your Father in all his honourable Attempts, harm not the silly Infant, nor the helpless Widow, defend the Honour of distressed Ladies, and give freely unto wounded Souldiers, seek not to stain the unspotted Virgins with your Lust, and adventure evermore to redeem true Knights from Captivity, live evermore professed Enemies to Paganism, and spend your Lives in the Quarrel and Defence of Christ, that Babe (as yet unborn)

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In time to come may speak of you, and record you in the Books of Fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my Blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind; for now I feel the chillness of pale Death closing the Closets of mine Eyes: Farewel vain World, dear Lord farewel, sweet Sons, you're famous Followers of my George, and all true Christian Knights, adieu.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a heavy sigh she pressed up the Ghost; whereto St. George (being impatient in his sorrows) fell upon her Ishelels Body, tearing his Hair, and rending his Hunter's Armour from his back into many pieces; and at last when his Griefs were somewhat diminished, he burst out into these bitter Lamentations:

Gone is the Star (quoth he) that lighted all the Northern World; withered is the Rose that beautified our Christian Fields: dead is the Dame that for her beauty stained all Christian Women, for whom I'll fill the Air with everlasting Moans. Let this day henceforth be fatal to all times, and counted for a dismal day of Death: let never the Sun shew forth his Beams thereon again, but Clouds as black as pitch cover the Earth with fearful Darkness: let every Tree in this accursed Forest, henceforth be blasted with unkindly Winds: let Brambles, Herbs and Flowers consume and wither: let Grass and blooming Buds perish and decay, and all things near the place where she was slain be turned to dismal, black and ghastly colour, that the Earth itself in mourning Garments may lament her loss: let never Bird sing cheerfully on tops of Trees: but like the mournful Musick of the Nighthingale, fill all the Air with fatal Tunes; let bubbling Rivers murmur for her loss, and silver Swans that swim thereon sing doleful Melody: let all the Dales belonging to these fatal Woods be covered with green bellied Serpents, croaking Toads, hissing Snakes, and high killing Cockatrices: let blasted Trees, let fearful Ravens shriek, let Howlets cry, and Crickets sing, that after this it may be called a place of dead Mens wandering Ghosts. But fond Wretch, why do I thus Lament in vain, and bath her bleeding Body with my Tears, when Grief by no means will recall her Life? yet this shall satisfy her Soul, for I will go a Pilgrimage unto Jerusalem, and offer up my Tears to Jesus Christ upon his blessed Sepulchre, by which my stained Soul may be waht from this bloody Guilt, which was the cause of this sorrowful day's mishap.

These tearful words were no sooner ended, but he took her bleeding Limbs between his embracing Arms, and gave a hundred kisses upon her dying colour'd Lips, retaining yet the colour of Alabaſter new wash'd in Purple blood, and in this Embrace while lying, gave way to others to unfold their Tales.

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But his Sons whose Sorrows were as great as his, protested never to neglect one day, but daily to weep some Tears upon their Father's Grave, till from the Earth did spring some mournful Flower, to bear remembrance of her Death, as did the Violet that spring from coast Adonis's Blood, where Venus wept to see him slain. Likewise the other six Champions (that all the time of their Lamentations stood like Men drowned in the depth of Sorrow) began now a while to recover themselves, and as they protested by the honour of true Knight-hood, and by the Spur and golden Garter of St. George's Leg, to accompany him into the Holy Land bare-footed, without either Hoofe or Shoe; only clad in russet Haberdines, like the usual Virgins of the World, and never to return till they had paid their Vows at that blessed Sepulchre.

Thus in this sorrowful manner wearied they the time away, filling the Woods with echoes of their Lamentations, and recording their Dolours to the whistling Winds; but at last when black Night began to approach, and with her sable Mantle to overspread the crystal Firmament, they retired with her dead Body, back to the City of London, where the report of this Tragical Accident, drowned their Friends in a Sea of Sorrow; for the news of her untimely Death was no sooner brast abroad, but the same caused both Old and Young to lament the loss of so sweet a Lady. The silver-headed Age that had wont in scarlet Gowns to meet in Counsel, sat now in discontented Griefs; the gallant Youth and comely Virgins, that had wont to beautifie the Streets with costly Garments, went drooping up and down in mournful Vestures; and those remorseless Hearts that seldom were oppressed with Sorrow, now constrained their eyes like fountains to distill floods of brinish and pearly Tears.

The general Grief of the Citizens continued for the space of thirty Days; at the end whereof, St. George with his Sons and the other Champions interred her Body very honourably, and erected over the same a rich and costly Monument (in sumptuous State, like the Tomb of Mausolus, which was called one of the Wonders of the World, or like to the Pyramids of Greece, which was a Pain to all Architects) for thereon was portrayed the Queen of Chastity with her Maidens, bathing themselves in a crystal Fountain, as a witness of her wonderful Chastity, against the lustful Assaults of all lascivious Adversaries.

Thereon was also most nobly painted a Turtle-dove sitting up-

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On a Tree of Gold, in sign of the true Love that she bore to her betrothed Husband.

Also a silver coloured Swan swimming upon a crystal River, as a token of her Beauty; for as the Swan excelleth all other Fowls in Whiteness, so she excelled all other Ladies in the World for Beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious Workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Jewell, enamelled with Silver and Jasper-Stones: and I omit the Pendants of Gold, the Eutheous of Princes, and the Arms of Countreies that beautified her Tomb, the Discombe whereof requir'd an Orator's Sequence, or a Pen of Gold dipp'd in the Dew of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus's Hill, where all the Muses do inhabit. Her Statue or Picture was carved cunningly in Alabaster, and laid as it were upon a Wigwag of green Silke, like to Pigmilion's Ivory Image, and directly over the same hung a silver Tablet, whereon in Letters of Gold was this Epitaph written:

Here lies the Wonder of this Worldly Age;

For Beauty, Wit, and princely Majesty,

Whom spiteful Death in his imperious Rage,

Proch'd to Fall through ruthless Cruelty.

For as she sported in a fragrant Wood,

Upon a thorny Brake she spilt her Blood.

Let Ladies fair and Princesses of great might,

With silver-pearled Tears bedew this Tomb;

Around the fatal Sisters of despight,

For blasting thus the Pride of Nature's Bloom;

For here she sleeps within this earthly Grave,

Whose Worth deserves a golden Tomb to have.

Seven Years she kept her pure Virginity,

In absence of her true betrothed Knight,

When many did pursue her Chastity,

Whilst he remained in Prison day and night;

But yet we see that things of purest Prize,

For sake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies come Mourn with doleful Melody,

And make this Monument your soiled Bower;

Here shed your brackish Tears eternally,

Lament both Year, Month, Week, Day, Hour;

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For here the Wits whose like can neere be found,
Here Beauty's Pride lies buried in the Ground.

Her wounded Heart that yet doth freshly bleed,

Hath caus'd severall Knights a Journey far to take,
To fair Jerusalem, in Pilgrims Weeds,

The fury of her angry Ghost to slake;
Because their Silvan Sport was chiefest gaine,
And only cause her Blood was timeles spilt.

Thus after the Tomb was raised, and the Epitaph engraven
on a Marble Table, and all things performed according to Saint
George's direction, He left his Wom in the City of London, un-
der the Government of the English King; and in company of the
other Champions, he took his Journey towards Jerusalem.

They were attired after the manner of Pilgrims, in russet Ca-
berclines down to their feet, in their hands they bore Staves of
Ebony wood, tipped at the ends with Silver, the pikes whereof were
of the strongest Lydian Steel, of such a sharpness, that they
were able to pierce a Target of Corrusc-Well; upon their
Breasts hung Crosses of crimson Silk, to signify they were
Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of Christ.

In this manner set they forward from England in the Spring-
time of the Year, when Flora had beautified the Earth with Na-
ture's Tapestry, and made their Passages as pleasant as the
Gardens of Hesperides adorned with all kind of odoriferous flow-
ers. When as they crossed the Seas, the Silver Tables seemed
to lie as smooth as crystal Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above
the Waters, as a sign of a prosperous Journey. In travelling
by Land, the winds seemed to booke and taste, and the chirping
melody of Birds made them such Mirth as they passed, that in
a short season they arrived beyond the Borders of Christendom,
and had entered the Confiner of Africa.

There were they forced instead of downy beds, nightly to rest
their weary Limbs upon heaps of Sun-burnt Poles; and instead
of Alken Curtains and variegated Canopies, they had the Clouds
of Heaven to cover them. Now they naked Legs and bare Feet,
that had wont to stride the Luscious Meadows, and to tread in
Fields of Pagans Blood, were forced to climb the craggy Moun-
tains, and to endure the torments of pining Briers, as they
travelled through the desert Places, and desolate solitary
Wildernesses.

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Many were the Dangers that happened to them in their Journey, before they arrived in Iudea, Wondrous their Achievements, and most Honourable their Adventures; which for this time I pass over, leaving the Champions for a time in their travel towards the Sepulchre of Christ, and speak what happened to St. George's three Sons in visiting their Mother's Tomb in the City of London.

CHAP. II.

Of the strange Gifts that St. George's Sons offered at their Mother's Tomb, and what happened thereupon; how her Ghost appeared to them, and counselled them to the pursuit of their Father; also how the King of England Installed them with the Honour of Knighthood, and furnished them with Habilliments of War.

THE swift footed Steeds of Titan's deep Car had almost finished a Year, since Sabra's Funeral was solemnized; in which time St. George's three Sons had visited their Mother's Tomb oftner than were Days in the Year, and had shed many sorrowful Tears thereon, in remembrance of her Loss, than all Stars in the glittering Horizon; but at last these three young Princes fell at a rival Discord and mortal strife, which of them should bear the truest Love to their Mother's dead Body, and which of them should be held in greatest Esteem; for before many Days were expired, they concluded to offer up their several Devotions at her Tomb; and he that devised a Gift of the rarest Price, and of the strangest Quality, should be held worthy of the greatest Honour, and accounted the Noblest of them all. This Determination was speedily performed, and in so short a time accomplished, that it was wonderful to Discourse.

The first thinking to exceed his Brothers in the strangeness of his Gift, made repair unto a cunning Enchanter, which had a bidding in a secret Cade, adjoining to the City, whom he procured (through many rich Gifts and large Promises) by Art to devise a means to create Honour from his Brother's, and to give a Gift of that strange nature, that all the World might wonder at the report thereof.

The Enchanter (being won with his Promises) by Art and Magick Spells, devised a Potion containing a few divers sorts of flowers that being mixed with his Secret, and though it were often in the dead time of the winter, when all the other flowers had withered past Prime and flower of their youth, and

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and the Snow-lap freezing on the Mountain-tops; yet was this Garland contrived after the fashion of a rich Imperial Crown, with as many several Flowers as ever Flora plac'd upon the Downs of rich Arcadia; in diversities of colours like the glistening Rain-bow, when it shineth in greatest glory, and lasting such an odoriferous Scent and Savour, as tho' the Heavens had rained down Showers of Champhire, Bils, or sweet smelling Amber-greece.

This rare and exceeding Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment, and deliver'd in his hands, but he left the Chantress sitting in her Ebony-Chair upon a block of Steel (praising her fatal Arts,) with her Hair hanging about her Shoulders like wreaths of Snakes, or venom'd Serpents, and returned to his Mother's Tomb, where he hung it upon a Pillar of Silver that was plac'd in the middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repair'd to his Mother's Tomb, and brought in his hand an Ivory Lute, whereon he play'd such inspiring notes, that it seem'd like the harmony of Angels, or the celestial Musick of Apollo, when he descended Heaven for the Love of Daphne, whom he turn'd into a Bay-Tree; the Musick being finish'd, he ty'd his Lute in a Ramask-Scarf, and with great humility he hung it at the West-end of the Tomb, upon a knob of a Jasper-stone.

Lastly, The third Brother likewise repair'd with no outward Devotion or worldly Gift; but clad in a Vesture of white Silk, bearing in his hand an Instrument of Death, like an innocent Lamb going to Sacrifice, or one ready to be offer'd up for the love of his Mother's Soul.

This strange manner of repair caus'd his other Brothers to stand attentively, and with diligence Eyes to behold his purpose.

First, After he had (in himself) and with great humility let fall a Shower of Silver Tears from the issues of his Eyes, in remembrance of his Mother's timeless Tragedy; he took'd his naked Breast with a Silver Bodkin, the which he brought in his hand, from whence there trickled down some thirty drops of Blood, which he after offer'd to his Mother's Tomb in a silver Basin, as an evident sign that there could be nothing more dear, nor of more precious price, than to offer up his own Blood for her Love. This tremendous Gift caus'd his two other Brothers to swell in hatred like to chafed Lumps, and ran with fury upon him, intending to catch him by the hair of the Head, and drag him round about their Mother's Tomb, till his Eyes were dash'd

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so against a Marble Pavement, and his Blood sprinkled upon her Grable; but this wicked Enterprize moved the Majesty of Heaven, that e'er they could accomplish their Intent; so staid their Hands with his Blood, they heard (as it were) the noise of dead Mens Bones rattling in the ground; whereupon (looking fearfully about them) the Tomb seemed of itself to open, and thereupon to appear a most terrible gashly Shape, pale like unto ashes, in Countenance resembling their Father: with her Breast smeared in Blood, and her Body wounded with a number of Brays, and so with a dismal and awful look she spake unto her desperate Sons in this manner:

Oh you Degenerate from Nature's kind! why do you seek to make a Murder of yourselves? can you indure to see my Body rent in twain, my Heart split in sunder, and my Womb dismembred? Abate this fury, stain not your Hands with your own Bloods, nor make my Tomb a Spectacle of more Death. Unite yourselves in Concord, that my discontented Soul may sleep in Peace, and never more be troubled with your unbridled Humours. Make haste, I say, arm yourselves in steel Corsets, and follow your valiant Father to Jerusalem, he is there in danger and distress of Life; away, I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but hunt you up and down with gashly Visions.

This being said, she vanished from their sight into the billie Air; whereat for a time they were amazed, and almost distraught of Wits, through the terrours of her Words; but at last recovering their former Senses, they all bowed a continual Unity, and never to proffer the like Injury again, but to live in brotherly Concord, till the dissolution of their earthly Bodies.

So in haste they went unto the King, and certified him of all things that had hapned; and falling upon their Knees before his Majesty, requested at his hands the honour of Knight-hood, with leave to depart in pursuit of their Father, and the other Champions that were fallen into great Distress.

The King purposing to accomplish their Desires, and to fulfil their Requests, presently consented, and not only gave them the honour of Knight-hood, but furnished them with rich Habilitments of Warre, and settable to their magnanimous Minds: First, he frankly bestowed upon them three Rarely Palmares, bred upon the bright Mountains of Sardinia, in colour of an Iron-gray, beautified with silver Hairs, and in pace swifter than Spanish Jennets, (which are a kind of Horse ingendred by the Winds upon the Alpes, certain cragged Mountains that divided the Kingdoms of Italy and Germany) for boldness and courage

like to Bucephalus, the Horse of Alexander the Macedonian, at Caesar's Side, that never serv'd in the Field; and even were trapp'd with rich Trappings of Gold, after the Morocco Fashion, with Saddles framed like iron Stair-chairs, with backs of Steel, and their Fore-heads were beautified with spangled Plumes of purple feathers, whereon hung many golden Pendants: the King likewise bestowed upon them three costly Swords, wrought of purest Lybian Steel, with Lances bound about with Plates of Brass, at the tops whereof hung like Streamers, beautified with the English Cross, being the crimson Badge of Knighthood and Honour of adventurous Champions. Thus, in this royal manner, rode these three young Knights from the City of London, in company of the King, with a train of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, who conducted them to the Sea-side, where they left the young Knights to their future Fortunes, and returned back to the English Court.

Now are St. George's Sons, floating upon the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that after Ages might applaud their Achievements, and enrol their Names in the Records of Honour. Fate prosper them successfully, and gentle Fortune smile upon their Travels, so that brave Knights did never cross the Seas, nor make their Adventures in strange Countries.

CHAPTER. III.

How St. George's Sons, after they were Knighted by the English King, travelled towards Barbary; and how they redeemed the Duke's Daughter of Romania from Ravishment, that was assailed in a Wood by three Tawny-mobres; and also of the tragical Tale of the Virgin's Strange Miseries; with other Accidents.

MANLY had not these three magnanimous Knights endured the danger of the Smoking Calabres, but with a prosperous and successful Wind, they arrived upon the Territories of France, where being no sooner safely set on shore, but they courteously rewarded their Barriners, and betook themselves to their intended Travels.

Now began their costly trapped Steeds to pace it like the scud-
ding Winds; and with their warlike hoofs to thunder on the
beaten passages; now began true Honour to flourish in their
minde, Bravado, and the Renown of their Father's Achieve-
ments to encourage their Desires. Although tender Youth lac
but

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but budding on their Cheeks, yet poorly Manhood triumpht in their Hearts; and although their childish Arms as yet never tryed the painful adventures of Knight-hood; yet bore they high and princely Cogitations in as great esteem as when their Father slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, for preservation of their Mother's life.

Thus travelled they to the farther part of the Kingdom of France (guided only by the Direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worth the noting, till at last riding thro'ow a mighty Forrest standing on the Borders of Lusitania, they heard (as far off as it were) the ruful cries of a distressed Woman; which in this manner filled the Air with echoes of her Poans:

O Heavens! (said she) be kind and pitiful unto a Maiden in Distress, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver me from these inhumane Monsters.

This woful and unexpected noise, caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to see the event of this Accident: So after they had tyed their Steeds to the body of a Pine-tree, by the Reins of their Bridles, they walked on foot into the thickest of the Forrest with their Weapons drawn, ready to withstand any assaultment whatsoever; and as they drew near to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breathe forth this pitiful moaning Lamentation the second time:

Come, come, some courteous Knight, or else I must forgo that precious Jewel which all the World can never again recover.

These words caused them to make the more speed, and to run the nearest way for the Maiden's Succour. Where, approaching her presence, they found her tyed by the locks of her own Hair to the trunk of an Orange-tree, and thre cruel and inhumane Negroes standing ready to dispoil her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their Lungs to blast the blooming Bud of her dear and unspecked Virginity.

But when Sir George's Song beheld her lovely Countenance beclouded in Dist, that before seemed to be as beautiful as Roses in Silk, and her crystal Eyes (the perfect patterns of Bashfulness) imbrued in floods of Tears, at one instant they ran upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry Weapons in their scathsome Bowels; the Teachers being slain, their Bloods sprinkled about the Forrest, and their Bodies cast out as a Prey for ravenous Beasts to feed on; they unbound the Maiden, and like courteous Knights demanded the cause of her Captivity, and by what means she came into that solitary Forrest: Most noble

The Second Part of the

Knights (*quoth she*) and true renowned Men at Arms, to tell the cause of my pased Misery, were a prick unto my Soul, for the Discourse thereof will burst my Heart with Grief; but consider your Nobilities, the which I do perceive by your princely Behaviour, and kind Courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in Distress, under the hands of these lustful Negroes whom you have justly murdered, shall so much imbolden me, though unto my Heart's great Grief, to Discourse the first cause of my miserable Fortune:

My Father (*quoth she*) whilst gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was Duke and sole Commander of the State of Normandy, a Country now situated in the Kindom of France, whose Lands and Revenues in his prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as stately a Train, both of Knights and Gentlemen, as any Prince in Europe; wherefore the King of France greatly envied, and by bloody Wars deposed my Father from his Princely Dignity, who for safeguard of his life, in company of me his only Heir and Daughter, betook us to these solitary Woods, where ever since we have secretly remained in a poor Cell or Hermitage, the which by our industrious Pains hath been builded with plants of Vines and Oaken-boughs, and covered over-head with clods of Earth, and turfs of Grass: seven Years we have continued in great Extremities, sustaining our Hunger with the Fruits of Trees, and quenching of our Thirst with the Dew of Heaven, falling nightly upon fragrant Flowers; and here instead of princely Attire, imbrodered Garments, and damask Vestures, we have been constrained to cloath our selves with Flowers, the which we have painfully woven up together; here instead of Musick, that wont each morning to delight our Ears, we have the whistling Winds resounding in the Woods; our Clocks to tell the Minutes of the wandring Nights, are Snake and Toads, that sleep in roots of rotten Trees, our Canopies to cover us, are now wrought of Arabian Silk, the which Indian Virgins Weave upon their silver Looms, but the sable Clouds of Heaven, when as the cheerful Day hath closed her crystal Windows up: Thus in this manner continued we in this solitary Wilderness, making both Birds and Beasts our chief Companions, these merciles Tawny-moors (whose hateful Breasts you have made to water the parched Earth with streams of Blood) who as you see came into our Cell, thinking to have found some store of Treasure; but casting their gazing Eyes upon my Beauty, they were presently enchanted with lustful Desires, only to crop the sweet Bud of my Virginity; then with furious and dismal Countenance, more black than the sable Garments of sad Peripatetic, when she mournfully writes of bloody Tragedies, and with Hearts more cruel than was Nero's the tyrannous Roman Emperor, when he beheld the Entrails of his natural Mother laid open by

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his joyous and joyful Communion, on when he stood upon the highest top of some high Mountain, to see that famous and imperial City of **Rome** sit on fire by the remorseless hands of his unrelenting Minions, that sold unhallowed Flames to his unholy Fires. In this kind, I say, the remorseless and wicked minded Deceivers with violent hands took my aged Father, and most cruelly bound him to the blasted Body of a withered Oak, standing before the entry of his Cell, where neither the reverend honour of his silver Hairs, glistering like the frozen hills upon the Northern Mountains, nor the strained Sighs of his Breast, where in the Pledge of Wisdom was enthronized, nor all my Tears or Exclamations could any whit abate their Cruelties, but (grim Dogs of War-barn) they left my Father fast bound unto the Tree, and like egregious Viper took me by the Trammels of my golden Hair, dragging me like a silly Lamb unto this slaughtering place, intending to satiate their Lust with the Flower of my Chastity. Being used thus, I made my humble Supplication to the highest Majesty, to be revenged upon their Cruelties; I reported to them the rewards of bloody Ravishments, by the Example of **Cereus**, sometime King of **Chios**, and his furious Wife, that in revenge of her Sister's Ravishment, railed her Husband to eat the Flesh of his own Son. Likewise, (to preserve my undefiled Honour) I told them that for the Rape of **Lucretia**, the Roman Matron, **Tarquinius** and his whole Name was ever banished out of **Rome**, with many other Examples: thus, like the Nightingale, recorded I nothing but Rape and Murder, yet neither the fears of Heaven, nor the terrible Threats of Hell could mollifie their bloody Minds; but they protested to persevere in that Wickedness, and vowed that if all the Leaves of the Trees, that grew within the Wood, were turned into **Indian Pearls**, and that place made as wealthy as the golden Streams of **Pardollus**, where **Midas** wash her golden Wish away, yet should they not redeem my Chastity from the stain of their insatiable and lustful Desires. This being said, they bound me with the Trammels of mine own Hair to this Orange-tree, and at the very instant they proffered to defile my unspotted Body, you happily approached, and not only redeemed me from their tyrannous Desires, but quit the World from three of the wickedest Creatures that ever Nature framed; for which (most noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgin's Prayers may prevail, humbly will I make my Supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valliant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that your Fames may ring to every Prince's Ear, as far as bright **Hesperion** doth shew his golden Face. This tragical Tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights (with remorseful Hearts sobbing with Sighs) embraced the forlornful Maiden betwixt their Arms, and earnestly requested her

to conduct them unto the place whereto he left her father bound
unto the withered Oak; to which she willingly consented, and
thanked them highly for their kindness; but before they approa-
ched to the old Man's presence, what for the grief of his Banish-
ment, and violent Usage of his Daughter, he was forced to yield
up his miserable Life to the mercy of unavoidable Death.

When St. George's valiant Sons, in company of the sorrow-
ful Maiden came to the Tree, and (contrary to their Expecta-
tions) found her father cold and stiff, devoid of Sense and feel-
ing, also his Hands and face covered with green Mould, which
they supposed to be done by the Robin Red-breast, and other little
Birds, who do use naturally to cover the bare parts of any Bo-
dy that they find dead in the field, they all fell into a new confu-
sed extremity of grief; but especially his Daughter, having lost
all Joy and Comfort in this World, made both Heaven and
Earth resound with her exceeding Lamentations, and mourned
without Comfort, like weeping Niobe, that was turned into a
Rock of Stone, Lamenting for the loss of her Children: Thus
when the three young Knights perceived the comfortless Sor-
row of the Maiden, and how she had vowed never to depart from
those solitary Groves, but to spend the remnant of her days in
company of her father's dead Body; they courteously assisted her
to bury him under a Chestnut-tree, where they left her behind them
bathing his senseless Grave with her Tears, and returned back
to their Horses, where they left them at the entry of the Forest
tied to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their Journey, where we
will leave them for a time, and speak of the Seven Champions
of Christendom, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of
Jerusalem, and what strange Adventures hapned to them in their
Travel.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Adventures of the Golden Fountain in Damascus; how six of
the Christian Champions were taken Prisoners by a mighty Giant,
and how after they were delivered by St. George; and also how he
redeemed fourteen Jews out of Prison, with divers other strange Ac-
cidents that hapned.

Let us now speak of the favourable Clementcy that smiling
fortune shewed to the Christian Champions in their Travels
to Jerusalem; for after they were departed from England, and had
journeyed in their Pilgrims Attire through many strange Coun-
tries,

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times, at last they arrived upon the Coast of Damasco, which was a Country not only beautified with sumptuous costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of Man's Device, but also furnished with all the precious Gifts that Nature in her greatest liberality could bestow.

In this front of Dominion long time the Christian Champions rested their weary Sleep, and made their abode in the House of a rich and courteous Jew, a Man that spent his Wealth chiefly for the Succour and Comfort of Travelers and Wandring Pilgrims; his House was not curiously erected up of carved Timber-work, but fringed with quarries of blew Stones, and supported with many stately Pillars of the purest Marble; the gates and entry of his House were continually kept open, in sign of his bountiful Mind; over the Portal thereof did hang a brazen Table, whereon was most curiously engraven the Picture of Ceres the Goddess of Plenty, deck'd with Garlands of Wheat, wreaths of Olives, bunches of Vines, and with all manner of fruitful things; the Chamber wherein these Champions took their nightly Repose and golden Sleep, was garnished with as many Windows of crystal Glass, as there were Days in the Year, and the Walls painted with as many Stories as were Years since the World's Creation; it was likewise built square, after the manner of Pyramids in Greece; at the East end thereof was most libely portrayed, bright Phoebus rising from Aurora's golden Bed, with a glittering Countenance, disarming the Element for her departure; at the West end was likewise portrayed how Thetis tripped upon the silver Sands, when as Herion's Car dyed to the watry Ocean, and takes his night's Repose upon his Lover's Bosom; on the North side was painted high Mountains of Snow, whose tops did seem to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods over-hung with silver Fikles, which is the nature of the Northern Climate. Lastly, Upon the West side of the Chamber, sat the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphin's back, a troop of Nereids following him, with their golden Tammels floating upon the silver Waves; there the Tritons seemed to dance about the crystal Streams, with a number of the other silver scaled Fishes that made it seem delightful for Pleasure. Over the Roof of the Chamber was most perfectly portrayed the four Ages of the World, which seemed to overhang the rest of the curious Works; First, The Golden Age was pendant over the East: The second being the Silver (a little somewhat taller) seemed to overhang the freezing North: The

third which was the Black one, was situated by the water's side, and by the tower and side of all other buildings (the only basis of them) all seemed to be fixed rather like a picture in a frame. The house in this Chamber rested the Black one, which was a long narrow room, where their food was not delicious, but their wine, and their secretaries not curious, but their conversation was so good, and their friendship so warm, that they had no reason to be discontented. They were daily kept in company, and not only so, but they were the Christians of the Habitation, and also delighted the pleasant situation of his country, and the towns and cities were so joined with all manner of delights, which by their hands, like the imperial places of Jove, where they had a most delicate harmony, and the pleasant fields and most delightful gardens, so beautiful with nature's glad some ornaments, it has then seemed so, to be like to exceed the Palace of the great Turk, so that no other is so comfortable as to be in the world.

Some days were spent away in this manner, to the exceeding great pleasure of the Christian Knights, and evermore when the day of the approach, and the wanted time of day summoned them to their place and quiet cells, the Jew's children, being such as were and chiefly boys as ever some nature feared, filled the French Champions' eyes with such sweet and delicate melodies, gently stirred from their doozy lures; that not Arion could have at the sight of sweet music contented to his cane, pipes and harp, when he was in labour of the Dolphin, being forsaken of Pen was comparable thereto; whereby the Christians were enchanted with such delights that their sleeps seemed to be as pleasant as was the sweet joys of Elysium: but upon a time, after the courteous Jew had intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admired partial Champions, whom Fame had canonized to be the Wordets of the world for Partial Discipline and Knightly Adventures; and finding a fit opportunity as he walked in their Companies, upon an evening under an Arbour of Vine branches, he revealed to them the secrets of his Soul; and the cause of his so sad and solitary dwelling. So standing bare-headed in the middle of the Champions, with his white hair hanging down to his shoulders, in colour like the silver swan, and softer than the down of Thistles, or Median silk untwisted, he began with a sweet countenance and gallant demeanour to speak as followeth:

I am sure (quoth he) you invincible Knights, that you marvel at my solitary course of living, and that you greatly muse, wherefore I ex-

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I have myself from the company of Workmen, except in Seven Songs,
 which I have written Chief Comfort, and the only Prolongers of my Life;
 therefore prepare your hearts to entertain the following Discourse that e-
 ver Tongue pronounced, or written of Man in the height of his ex-
 tremity delivered in mine my former Years (whilst Fortune killed up-
 on my Happines) the principal Commander, and chief Owner of a cer-
 tain Fountain, of such wonderful and precious Vertue; that it was valued
 to be worth the Kingdom of India; the Water thereof was so strange
 in the Operation, that in four and twenty Hours it would convert any
 Metall, as Brass, Copper, Iron, Lead or Tin, into such refined Gold;
 and stony Flint into pure Silver, any kind of Earth into excellent Met-
 tal. By the Vertue thereof, I have made the Leaves of Trees a flourish-
 ing Forest of Riches, and the Blades of Grass valuable to the Jewels that
 be found in the Country of America. The Vertue thereof was no
 sooner bruited through the World; but it caused many Foreign Knights
 to try the Adventure, and by force of Arms to bereave me of the Ho-
 nour of this Fountain. But at that time Nature graced me with one
 and twenty Sons, whereof seven be yet living, and the only Comfort
 of my Age; but the other fourteen (whom frowning Fortune hath be-
 reaved me of) many a day by their valiant Prowess and matchless For-
 titudes defended the Fountain from many great and famous Assailers;
 for there was no Knight in all the World that was found to have your
 such invincible Courage, that if they but once attempted to encounter
 with any of my valiant Sons, they were either taken Prisoners, or slain
 in the Combate. The Fame of their Valours, and the Riches of the
 Fountain run through many strange Countries, and lastly, came to the
 Ears of a furious Giant, dwelling upon the Borders of Aethiopia, who at
 the report thereof came armed with his steely Coat, with a mighty Bat
 of Iron on his neck, like to furious Hercules that burst the brazen Gates
 of Cereberus, and bore the mighty Mountain Atlas upon his Shoul-
 ders; he was the Conqueror of my Sons, and the first Causer of my
 sudden Downfall. But when I thus had intelligence of the Overthrow
 of fourteen of my Sons, and that he had made Conquest of my weal-
 thy Fountain; with the rest of my Children, thinking all hope of Re-
 covery to be past, betook ourselves to this solitary course of Life, where
 ever since in this Mansion or Hermitage we have made our abode and
 residence, spending our Wealth to the relief of travelling Knights and
 wandering Pilgrims, hoping once again that smiling Fortune would ad-
 vance us to some better Hap; and to be plain, I fight worthy Champi-
 ons, since my hope was now at the highest full perfection till
 this present time, wherein your excellent Presence almost assure me that
 the hateful Monster shall be conquered, my Fountain restored, and my
 Sons Deaths (for dead sure they are) revenged.

The

The Champions, with great admiration, gave ear to this strange Discourse of this reverend Jew, and intended in reward of his extraordinary Kindness to undertake this Adventure, and the more to encourage the other, St. George began in the manner to utter his Song, speaking both to the Jew with their Host, and his valiant fellow Champions:

I have not without great wonder, (most reverend and courteous old Man) heard the strange Discourse of thy admirable Fountain, and do not a little lament that one of so kind and liberal a Disposition should be dispossessed of such exceeding Riches, neither am I less sorry that so humane a Monster, and known Enemy to all Courtisie and Kindnes, should have the Fruition of so exceeding great Treasure; for to me Wicked; Wealth is the cause of their more Wickednes. But that which most grieveth me, is, That having had so many valiant Knights to his Sons, they all were so unfortunate to fall into the hands of this relentless Monster; but be comforted, kind old Man, for I hope by the Power of my Maker, we were directed hither to Punish that hateful Giant, Revenge the injuries offered to thine Age, satisfy with his Death, the Death of thy Children, if they be Dead, and restore to thy bounteous Possession that admirable rich Fountain again.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with me through many Dangers have adventured, let us courageously attempt this rare Adventure, wherein such Honour to our Names, such Happiness to our Friends, such Glory to God consists, in recovering Right to the Wronged, and punishing rightfully the Wrongers of the Oppressed; And that there be no Contention among us who shall begin this Adventure, for I know all you thirst after Honour, therefore let Lots be made, and to whomsoever the chief Lot falleth, let him be foremost in Assaying the Giant, and so good Fortune be our Guides.

The exceeding Joy which the old Jew conceived at the Speech of St. George, had near-hand bereft him of the use of Senses, for above measure was he over-joyed; but at length recovering use of Speech, he thus thankfullly brake forth

How infinitely I find myself bound unto you, you famous and undoubted Christian Champions, all my Ableties is not able to express, only Thankfulness from the depth of a true Heart shall to you be rendered.

The Champions without more words, disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims Attire, every one elected forth an Armour fitting to their portly Bodies, then ready in the Jew's House, instead of their Ebony staves tipped with Silver, they wielded in their hands Steele Blades, and their feet that had wont to endure a painful Pilgrimage upon the bare Ground, were now

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ready dyest to mount the lofty Atrop; but as I said, they pur-
sued not generally to slay the Giant, but each every one to
by his wife's fastness, thereby to obtain the greater Honour, and
then Deds to merit the higher Fame; therefore the Lots were
cast among themselves which should begin the Adventure, the
lot fell first to Sir Dennis the noble Champion of France, who
greatly rejoiced in his lot and mind to depart for a night to see
things in readiness; but the next morning as he had the Golden
Sun displayed his Weapons in the Court; but Sir Dennis stole
from his Apartment, and attired himself in costly Armour, and
mounted upon a Steed of Iron Gray, with a pangled Plume of
purple feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold,
adorned with the Azure Garter, and beautiful with glittering
Scurges, and after he had taken leave of his other Champions,
and had demanded of the Jew where the Giant had his Car-
riage, he departed forword on his Journey; and before the Sun
had mounted to the top of Heaven, or approached to the Giant's
dwellings, who as then late upon a Wood of Steel decreed be-
twixt the golden Fountain, satisfying his hunger with raw Flesh,
and quenching his thirst with the Juice of the Bayes.

The first sight of his ugly and deformed proportion struck
dumb the valour of the French Champion, that he stood as a
man; whether it was because he saw the Adventure, or returned
with astonishment back to his former fellow knights; but having a
heart fortified with true magnanimity, he chose rather to die in
the Undertaking, than to return with Infamy; so committing his
Chance to the unconstant Queens of Chance, he spurred forth his
Horse, and hurled the Giant so furiously that the strokes of his
Sword sounded like a mighty storm hammer upon an Anvil.
But so intently regarded the Giant the puissant force of this single
Knight, that he would have fled from the place where he late;
knew remembering a strange Dream that a little before he had
in his sleep, which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would
come from the Northern Climate of the Earth, which should a-
lone end the Adventure of the Fountain, and vanquish him by
force; therefore not intending to be taken at an advantage,
he suddenly halted up, and with his grim countenance he ran upon
Sir Dennis, and took him, with Armour, Furniture and all un-
der his left Arm, as lightly, as a strong Giant would take a weak
Infant from his Cradle; and bore him to a hollow Rock
of Stone, which about with Ward of Iron, standing near unto
the bottom of the Mountain, and so on.

the Fountain, in a Valley beneath this mighty Mountain; in which Wilson he chose the French Champion, amongst fourteen other Knights, that were strong to the courteous Jew, as you heard before discourse; and being proud of that Honour, he returned to the block of steel, where he will leave himself sleeping in his own Conceit, and speak of the other Champions remaining in the Duke's house; expecting the French Knight's fortunate return; but when the sable Curtains of Markins were drawn before the crystal Windows of the Tower, and Night had taken possession of the Elements, and no noise was heard of the Champion's Success, they judged presently that either he was slain in the Adventure; or else discomfited and taken Prisoner; whereupon they called him again, which of them the next morning advised to his pursuit, and returned the French Knight's Quarrel to the Wolf to eat. James, the noble Champion of Spain, to break his princely heart, resolved more than if he had been made King of the Western World. So in like manner on the next morning by break of day he armed himself in rich and costly Armour like the other Champion; and mounted upon a Spanish Unicorn, in pace most swift and speedy, and in person like to Bucephalus the proud steed of Macedonian Alexander; his Caparison was in colour like to the billows of the Sea; his Burgonet was beautified with a spangled Plume of sable feathers; and upon his Breast he bore the Arms of Spain. Thus in this gallant manner departed he from the Jew's habitation, leaving the other Champions at their divine Contemplations for his happy success; but his fortune changed contrary to his wishes, for at the Giant's first Encounter he was likewise born to the Rack of Stone, to accompany St. Denis.

This Giant was the strongest and hardiest Knight, at Arms that ever set foot upon the Confiner of Denmark; his Strength was so insupportable, that at one time durst encounter with an hundred Knights. But now return we again to the other Champions, whom when night approached, and likewise morning, Saint James, they called him the third time, and it fell to the noble Champion of Italy, Sir Anthony, who on the next morning armed himself in conspicuous Armours of War, and mounted upon a Arabian Gallrey, or raphian did the valiant Jason, when he adventured into the Isle of Colchis for the golden fleece; and for Medea's Love. His Helmet glittered like an Icy Mountain deck'd with a Plume of ginger-coloured feathers, and beautified with many silver Pendants. But his shining glory was soon blemish-

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with a cloud of mischance, for although he was as valiant as the handiſt Weapon in the fields of Mars, yet he found a ſlabſhip in his fortitude, to withſtand the furious blows of the Giant, in ſuch ſort that he was forced to yield himſelf priſoner like the former Champions. The next Lot that was caſt chanced to St. Andrew of Scotland, a knight as highly honour'd for Martial Diſcipline as any of the reſt; his Steed was ſtad with a Caparizon after the manner of the Orientals; his Armour garniſhed with green Oyſes, like the colour of the Summer field, upon his Breaſt he bore a Croſs of purple ſilk, and on his Bur-gonet a goodly Plummet of Feathers; but yet fortune to trouble'd upon his Enterpriſe, that he nothing prevailed, but committed his Life to the mercy of the Giant, who likewiſe impriſon'd him with the other Knights. The fifth Lot fell to St. Patrick of Ireland; as brave a knight as ever Nature created, and as adventurous in his Achievements: It was Hector upon his Phrygian Steed pranced up and down the Streets of Troy, and made that Age admire his Fortitude, this Iriſh knight might counterball his Valour: For no ſooner had the Moon ſet forth the Azure firmament, and had committed her Charge to the golden burniſh'd Sun; than St. Patrick approach'd the ſight of the Giant; mounted upon his Iriſh Hobby, clad in a Corſer of ſilk, beauriſh'd with ſilber Batts; his Plummet of Feathers of the colour of Virgin's Hair; his Horſe covered with a Tail of Orange-ſawynſilk, and his ſaddle bound about with Plates of ſteel, like an Iron Chair. The ſight of this valiant Champion daunted the Courage of the Giant, that he thought him to be the knight that the Viſion had revealed, and by whom the Adventure ſhould be accompliſh'd; therefore with no cowardly returned he aſſail'd the Iriſh knight, who with as princely Valour induc'd the encounter; but the unkind Deſtinies not ſuſſering to give him the honour of the Victory, compell'd the Champion to yield to the Giant's force, and like a Captive to accompany the other impriſon'd Champions. The next Lot fell to St. David of Wales, who nothing diſcouraged at the other Chriſtian Knights, but at the morning Sun's upriſe into the Azure firmament gilded in his Silver Armour before the ſountain, with a golden Viſion ſhining on his Wyall, where he endured a long and dangerous Combat with the Giant, making the Hills reſound with echoes of their ſtroaks; but at laſt when the Giant perceiv'd that St. David began to grow almoſt breathleſs, in defending the huge and mighty blows of his ſteel Bat,

and chieflie through his long Encounter; the Giant remu'd his Strength, and redoubled his Strouaks, that St. David was constrained like to the other Christian Champions to yield to the Giant's Power.

But now the invincible and herodical Champion of England, St. George, he that was fame's true Knight, that Map of Honour, and the World's Wonder, remaining in the Jew's Pavilion, and pondering in his mind the bad success of the other Champions, and that it was his turn to try his Fortune the next morning in the Adventure, he fell into great Contemplation: (Quoth he) I that have fought for Christian Knights in Fields of purple Blood, and made my Enemies to swim in Streams of crimson Gore, shall I not now confound this bloody and inhumane Monster, that hath discomfited six of the bravest Knights that ever Nature framed: I slew the burning Dragon in Egypt; I conquered the terrible Giant that kept the enchanted Castle amongst the Amazonians: then Fortune let me accomplish this dangerous Adventure, that all Christian and Christian Knights may applaud my Name. In this manner spent he away the Night, hoping for the happy success of the next Day's Enterprise, whereon he bowed by the honour of his Golden Garter, richer to return a worthy Conqueror, or to die with honour valiantly. And when the day began to beautifie the Eastern Elements with a fair purple colour, he repaired to his Arms, and clad himself in a black Coat, mounting himself upon a pitchy coloured Steed, adorned with a bloodred Campation, in sign of a bloody and tragical Adventure; his Plume of Feathers was like a flame of fire quench'd in Blood, as a token of speedy Revenge; he armed himself not with a sword, but with a lance, bound about with plates of Beale, but took a Mace made of Beale, the one end sharpen'd like the point of a spear, at the other end a Ball of Iron in fashion of a Mace of War. Being thus armed according to his wished desires, he took leave of the Jew and his seven Sons, all attired in black and mournful Damments, weeping for his happy and fortunate success, and so departed speedily to the Golden Fountain, where he found the Giant sleeping carelesly upon his block of Steel, breathing no ensuing Danger. But when the valiant Champion St. George was alighted from his Horse, and sufficiently beheld the deformed proportion of the Giant, how the Hair of his head stood staring upright like the bristles of a wild Boar; his Eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his Teeth long and sharp like to Spikes of Steel, the Nails of his Hands like the Talons

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taunt of an Eagle, over which was drawn a pair of Iron globes; and every other Limb huge and strongly proportioned, like to the top of some mighty Oak. The worthy Champion awakene'd him in this wise: Arise, (said he) unreasonable deformed Monster, and either make delivery of the captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detainest, or prepare thy ugly self to abide the uttermost force of my warlike Arm and death prepared Weapon.

At which words the furious Giant started up, as one suddenly amazed or frightened from his sleep, and without making him any reply at all, took his Iron Race fall to hold his hands, and with great valour let battle as the most worthy English Champion, who with exceeding cunning and nimble art defended himself from the danger, by speedily slaying the violent Blows and withal measured on his Adversary a mighty Thrust with the pointed or warre end of the Javelin, which rebounded from the Giant's Body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine Pillar. The which the invincible Knight, St. George, perceiving turned his heavy round-bell-end of his Passie Javelin, and so mightily assailed the Giant, redoubling his deadly Blows with such invincible fortitude, that at last he beat his Brains out of his renowned Head, whereby the Giant was constrained to yield up the Ghost, and to give such a hideous Roar, as the whole Region of the Earth had been shaken with the violence of some clasp of Thunder. This being done, St. George cast his long stone Carcase as a prey to the fowls and ravenous Beasts for their sport; and after diligently searched up and down, till he found the Rock wherein all the Knights and Champions were imprisoned, the which with his fiery Javelin he burst in sunder and delivered them presently from their imprisonment, and after returned most triumphantly back to the Jew's Pavilion, in as great Majesty and Regality as Vespasian with his Roman Nobles and Jews returned into the Cities of flourishing Babylon, from the adorned and glorious Conquest of Jerusalem and Judea.

But when the reverend Jew saw the English Champion return with Liaoy, together with his other six fellow-champions, and like wise beheld his fourteen Sons safely delivered, his Joy so mightily exceeding the bounds of Reason, that he suddenly swooned, and lay for a time in a dead Trance: with the great exceeding Joy like he conceived. But having a little recovered his decayed Senses, he gladly conducted them into their several lodgings, and there they were presently unworried, and their

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valourous washed in white wine and new oil; and after having
 queted them in the best manner he could devise; as which Sam-
 quer there wanted not all the excellency of which that the Jews
 seven younger Sons could oblige, extolling in their sweet song
 neta the excellent fortitude of the English Champion, that had
 not only delivered their captivated Brethren, but rescued, by
 that ugly Giant's deserved Death, their aged Father to the re-
 possession of his Golden Fountain. Thus after Saint George
 with the other six Champions had sojourned there for the space
 of thirty days, having placed the Jew with his Sons in their
 former desired Dignities, that is, in the Government of the Gol-
 den Fountain; they cloathed themselves again in their pilgrims
 Attire, and so departed forward on their intended journey to
 visit the holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Of whose noble Adven-
 tures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

CHAP. V.

Of the Champions return to Jerusalem, and after how they were a-
 most furnished in a Wood; and how St. George obtained them Food
 by his Valour in a Giant's House, with other things that hapned.

The Champions after this Battle of the Golden Fountain no
 longer rested travelling till they arrived at the holy Hill of Si-
 on, and had visited the Sepulchre, the which they found most
 richly built of the purest Marble, garnished externally by cum-
 ing Architecture, with many Carvatures of Angels and Vi-
 lars of Heav'n. The Temple wherein it was erected stood seven
 Degrees of Stairs down within the Mount, the Doors where-
 of were of burnished Gold, and the Pillars of refined Silver,
 rubandish seem'd out of a most excellent beautified Alabaster Rock:
 But in it continually burned a sweet smelling Censer, always
 maintained by twelve of the noblest Virgins dwelling in Judea at-
 tending still upon the Sepulchre, clad in alken Gownments, in
 colour like to Lilies in the flourishing pride of Summer; the
 which could scarce be continually wore as an evident sign of
 their pure and unspotted Virginites. Many days offered up
 these worthy Champions their reverend Devotions to that
 sacred Tomb, washing his Marble Pavements with their true
 and unstained Tears, and renewing their true and hearty Zeal,
 with their continual Wallows of all charged Sighs. But at last
 upon an evening, when Titan's golden Beams begin to descend
 the western Element, as those princely-minded Champions, in
 com.

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company of these twelve admired Maidens, huddled before the Sepulchre, offering up their evening Orisons, an unseen Voice from the amusement of them all from a hollow Vault in the Temple uttered these words:

You magnanimous Knights of Christendom, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with Reports of Fame, whose bare Feet for the love of our sweet Saviour, have set more weary steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Stars within the golden Canopy of Heaven, return into the bloody Fields of War; and spend not the Honours of your time in this ceremonious manner, for great things by you must be accomplished, such as in time to come shall fill large Chronicles, and Cankle Babels as yet unborn to speak of your honourable Atchievements. And you chaste Maidens that spend your time in the Service of God, even by the plighted Promise you have made to true Virginity, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved Furniture as hath been offered to this Royal Sepulchre, by those traveling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendom. This is the pleasure of high Fates, and this for the redress of all wrong'd Innocents in Earth, must be with all immediate dispatch forthwith accomplished. This unexpected Advice was no sooner ended, but the Temple in their conceits, seemed strangely to rebound, like the melody of celestial Angels, or the holy harmony of Cherubims, as a sign that the Gods were pleased in their proceeding; whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their Contemplations, and conducted the seven Champions to the further side of Mount Sion, and there bestowed frankly upon them, seven of the bravest Steeds that they ever beheld, with martial Furniture answerable thereunto, bestirring Knights of such esteem: thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good fortune, arrayed themselves in rich and sumptuous Coats of Arms, and after mounted upon their warlike Couriers, kindly bidding the Ladies adieu, betook them to the World's wide journey. This Travel began at that time of the Year, when the Summer's Sun began to spread her beauteous mantle among the green and fresh Springs, of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all kind of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well-tuned Notes making a sweet and heavenly melody: at which time, I say, these mighty and well-armed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendom, took their way from Jerusalem, which they thought to be most fited; in which they had not many days travelled through the Deserts, and over many a Mountain-top, but they were

marvelously feeble for lack of their accustomed Victuals, and could not hide nor disguise their great Hunger, so that the Star which they sustained with Hunger, was as bright, than the Battles they had fought against their Enemies, as now became discovered in the first Part of this History. As now a Summer's Evening, when they had spent the day in great exertions, and night grew on, they happened into a Thicket of mighty Trees, when as the Silver Moon with her bright beams glittered most clearly; yet to them it seemed to be as dark as pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which would sustain them, and their faces did them and declare the perplexities of their Stomachs. So they lay them down upon the green and fresh Herbs, very penible of their extreme Necessity, promising to take their rest that night; but all was in vain, for that their corporal Necessities would not consent the same; but without sleeping for that night, till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accustomed Travail and Labour, thinking to find some Food for the chafing of their Stomachs, and had their Eyes always gazing about to spy some Village or House, where they might satisfy their Hunger, and ease their Needs. Thus in this helpless manner spent they away the next day, till the closing of the Evening, when by which time they grew so faint, that they fell on the ground with feebleness: On what a sorrow it was to Sir George, not only for himself to see the rest of the Champions in such a miserable case, being not able to help themselves; and so parting a little from them, he lamented in this manner following:

Thou that hast given me many Victories, thou that hast made me Conquerour of Kings and Kingdoms; and thou by whose invincible Power I have tamed the black faced Furies of dark Lusts, that mask abroad the World in Humane shapes; look down sweet Queen of Chance, I say, from thy Imperial Seat; show me some favour, and do not consent that I and my Company perish for Hunger and want of Victuals; make no delay to remedy our great Necessity; let us not be meat for Birds hovering in the Air, nor our Bodies call as a Prey for the ravenous Beasts ranging in these Woods; but rather, if we must needs perish, let us die by the hands of the strongest Warriors in the universal World, and not basely lose our Lives with cowardly Hunger.

These and such like lamentations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till such time as the Day appeared, and the sable curtains of coal black night were withdrawn. Then turned he to the rest of his Company, where he found them very weak

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and feeble; but he encouraged them in the best manner he could devise, to take their Horses and try the Chance of their utmost lucking Fortune. Altho St. George as they travelled was ready to die by the way, and in great trouble of Mind for want of Food, yet rode he first to one; then to another, comforting them, and making them ride apace; which they might very well do, for that their Horses were not so unprovided as their Masters, by reason of the goodly Grass that grew in these Woods, where, when at pleasure they filled them every night. By this time the golden Sun had almost mounted to the top of Heaven, and the glorious prime of the Day began to approach, when they came into a Field very plain, where in the midst of it was a little Mountain, out of the which there appeared a great smoke, which gave them to understand that there should be some Combustion in that place. Then the princely minded St. George said to the other Champions: Take comfort with yourselves, and by little and little, come forward with an easy pace, for I will ride before to see who shall be our Host this ensuing night; and of this, brave Knights and Champions, be all assured, whether he be pleased or no, he will give us Lodging and Entertainment like travelling Knights; and therewithal he set spurs to his Horse, and swiftly reboiled away, like to a Ship with swelling Sails upon the marble coloured Ocean; his Beast was so speedy that in a short time he approached the Mountain, where at the noise and rushing of his Horse in running, there arose from the ground a mighty and terrible Giant, of so great height, that he seemed to be a big grown Tree, and for hugeness like to a Rock of Stone; but when he cast his staring Eyes upon the English Knight, which seemed to him like two brazen Plates, or two Torches ever flaming, he laid his hand upon a mighty Club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great lightness to meet St. George; but when he approached his presence, he thinking him to be a Knight of but small Valour and Force, he threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the Champion, intending with his fist to buffet and beat out his Brains, but the courage of the English Champion so exceeded, that he forgot the extremity of hunger; and like a courageous Knight raised himself in his stirrups, otherwile he could not reach his Head, and gave him such a blow upon the fore head with his keen edged Sword, that he cut his Head half in sunder, and his Brains in great abundance ran down his deformed Body, so that smitten he fell to the ground and presently died: his fall seemed to make

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make the ground to shake, as though a gonp Tower had been overturned. for as he lay upon the Earth he seemed to be a great Oak blown up by the Roots with a tempestuous Whirle-wind.

At that instant the rest of the Champions came to that place with as much joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowful.

And so when St. Dennis with the other Knights did see the greatness of the Giant, and the deformity of his Body, they advanced his Valour beyond imagination, and deemed St. George the fortunatest Champion that ever Nature framed, holding that Adventure in as high Honour, as the Grecians held Jason's Prize, when he turned from Colchos with Medea's Golden Fleece, and with as great danger accomplished as the twelve fearful Labours of Hercules; but after some few speeches passed, St. George desired the rest of the Champions to go and see what sort of Animals the Giant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entered the Giant's House, which was in the same manner, as a great Barn cut out of hard Stone, and wrought out of a Rock; therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron standing upon a Trebet of Steel, the feet and supporters thereof were as big as great Iron Pillers, under the same burned such a huge flaming Fire, that it sparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning Acheron.

Within the Cauldron were boiling the flesh of two fat Bullocks, prepared only for the Giant's dinner; the sight of this ensuing Banquet gave them such comfort, that every one fell to work, hoping for their Travail to eat part of the Meat; one turned the Bat in the Cauldron, another encrased the Fire, and others pulled out the Coals, so that there was not any idle in the hope of the benefit to come.

The Hunger they had, and their desire to eat, caused them to fall to their Meat before it was half ready, as though that it had been over sodden; the two Knights of Wales and Ireland not forbearing to dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a secret hollow Cave, wherein they found two great Boxes of Bread, as big in compass as the circle of a Wheel, and two great Flagons full of as good Wine as ever they tasted. The which with great joy and pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions.

Instead of Knives to cut their Animals, St. George used his Circle-axe which had lately been stained with the hateful Giant's detested Blood, and imbued with his loathsome Bains.

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Thus; and after this manner qualified they the pinching pains and torments of Hunger, whereof they took as joyfull a repast as if they had banqueted in the richest King's Palace in the World.

So being joyfull for their good and happy Fortunes, St. George requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himself upon his Palfrey, and so they travelled from thence thorow a narrow Path, which seemed to be used by the Giant, and so with great delight they travelled all the rest of that Day, till Night closed in the beauty of the Heavens; at which time they had got to the top of a high Mountain, from whence a little before Night they did discover marvellous and great Plains, the which were inhabited with fair Cities and Towns, at which sight these Christian Champions received great contentment and joy, and so without any staying, they made haste onward on their Journey till such time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers, where in the midst of the way they found an Image of fine Crystal, the picture and lively form of a beautiful Virgin, which seemed to be wrought by the hands of some most excellent Workman, all to bespotted with Blood.

And it appeared by the Wounds that were cunningly formed in the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered Torments, as well with terrible cutting of Irons, as cruel Whippings; the Lady's legs and arms did seem as tho' they had been martyred, and wound with cords, and about the neck, as though she had been forcibly strangled with a Raphin or Towel. The Crystal Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Cloaths, under an Arbour of purple Roses: by the curious fair formed Image, sat a goodly aged Man in a Chair of Cypress-wood; his Attire was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepherds, not curious but comely, yet of a black and sable colour, as a sure sign of some deadly Discontent, his hair hung down below his Shoulders, like untwisted Silk, in whiteness like Down of Thistles, his Beard over-grown, dangling down as it were frozen Fiskles upon a Hawthorn-tree; his Face wrinkled and over-worn with Age, and his Eyes almost blind, bewailing the griefs and sorrows of his Heart.

Which strange and woful spectacle, when the Christian Champions earnestly beheld, they could not by any manner of means refrain from the shedding some few sorrowful Tears in seeing before them the Picture of a Woman, of such excellent Beauty, which had been oppressed with Cruelty; but the pious English Knight had the greatest Compassion, when he beheld the count-

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terfeit of this tormented Creature, who taking Cresse with his sorrowful Heart, he courteously desired the old Father, sitting up this woful Spectacle, to tell the cause of his Sorrow, and the discourse of that Lady's palled Fortunes, for whose sake he seemed to spend his days in that solitary Order, to whom the old Man with a number of Sighs thus kindly reply'd :

Brave Knights, for so you seem by your Courtesies and Behaviours, to tell the Story of my bitter Woes, and the Causes of my endless Sorrows, will constrain a spring of Tears to trickle from the conduits of my aged Eyes, and make the mansion of my Heart rive in twain, in remembering of my undeserved Miseries ; as many drops of Bloud hath fallen from my Heart, as there be silver Hairs upon my Head, and as many Sighs have I strained from my Breast, as there be Minutes in a Year, for thrice seven hundred times the Winters Frosts, hath nipt the Mountain-tops since first I made those ruful Lamentations : during all which time I have sat before this Crystal Image, hourly praying that some courteous Knight would be so kind as to aid me in my vowed Revenge, and now Fortune I see hath smil'd upon me, in sending you hither to work just Revenge for the inhumane Murder of my Daughter, whose perfect Image lieth here carved in fine Crystal, as the continual Object of my Grief ; and because you shall understand the true Discourse of her timeless Tragedy, I have written it down in a Paper-book with mine own Bloud, the which my sorrowful Tongue is not able to reveal : And thereupon he pulled from his bosom a golden covered Book, with silver Clasps, and requested Sr. George to read it to the rest of the Knights, to which he willingly condescended, so sitting down amongst the other Champions upon the green Grass, he opened the bloudy written-book, and read over the Contents, which contained these sorrowful Words following :

C H A P. VI.

What happened to the Champions after they had found an Image of fine Crystal, in the form of a murdered Maiden, where St. George had a golden Book given him, wherein was written in Blood, the true Tragedies of two Sisters ; and likewise how the Champions intended a speedy Revenge upon the Knight of the Black Castle, for the Deaths of the two Ladies.

In former times whilst Fortune smiled upon me, I was a wealthy Shepherd, dwelling in this unhappy Country, not only held in great Estimation for my Wealth, but also for two fair Daughters which Nature had made most excellent in Beau-
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er, in whom I took such exceeding Joy and Delight, that I accounted them my chiefest Happiness; but yet in the end, that which I thought should most Content me, was the occasion of these my endless Sorrows.

My two Daughters (as I say before) were endued with wonderful Beauty, and accompanied with no less Honesty; the fame of whose Vertues was much blazed in many parts of the World; by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepherd's Cottage, divers strange and worthy Knights, with great desire to Party with my Daughters, but above them all, there was one named Leoger, a Knight of a black Castle, (wherein he now remained) being in distance from this place two hundred Leagues, in an Island encompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger, I say, was so intangled with the Beauty of my Daughters, that he desired me to give him one of them in Marriage; when I little mistrusting the Treason and Cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great Honour that might rebound thereof, for that he was a worthy Knight, as I thought, and of much fortitude, I quickly fulfilled his Desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after Hymen's holy Rites were solemnized in great Pomp and State, she was conduced in company of her new wedded Lord to the black Castle, more like a Princess in State, than a Shepherd's Daughter of such low Degree.

But still I retained in my Company the youngest, being of far more Beauty than her eldest Sister, of which this treacherous and unnatural Knight was informed, and her surpassing Beauty so excelled, that in a small time he forgot his new-married Wife and sweet Companion, and wholly gave himself over to my other Daughter's Love, without consideration that he had married her Sister: so this inordinate and lustful Love kindled and increased in him every day more and more, and he was so troubled with this new Desire, that he daily dissembled with himself by what means he might obtain her, and keep her in despite of all the World: in the end he used this policy and deceit to get her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his Wife should be delivered, he came in great Pomp, with a stately Train of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested me with very fair and loving words that I would let my Daughter go unto her Sister, to give her that contentment which he desired, for that she did love her more dearly than her

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own Soul: thus his crafty and subtil Perswasions so much prevailed, that I would not frame an Excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his Demands; so straightway when he had in his Power that which his Soul so much desired, he presently departed, giving me to understand that he would carry her to his Wife, for whose sight he had so much desired, and at whose coming he would receive so great Joy and Contentment; her suddain Departure bred such Sorrows in my Heart (being the only Stay and Comfort of my declining Age) that the fountains of my Eyes rained down a shewre of salt Tears upon my aged Breast, so dear is the Love of a Father unto his Child; but to be short, when this lustful minded Castiffe with his pompous Train came in sight of his Castle, he commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might secretly contrie of serious Patters, and so staid lingering behind, till he saw his Company almost out of sight, and they two alone together, then he found opportunity to accomplish his lustful Desire, and so rode into a little Grove, which was hard at hand, close by a River's side, where without any more carrying he carried her into the thickest part thereof, where he thought it most convenient to perform so wicked a Deed.

When he beheld the Branches of the thick Tree to with-hold the Light of Heaven from them, and that it seemed a place as it were over-spread with the sable mantles of Night, he alighted from his Horse, and willed my well-beloved Daughter that she would likewise alight; she in whose heart reigned no kind of Suspicion, presently alighted, and sat her down by the River side, and washed her fair white Hands in the Streams, and refreshed her Mouth with the Crystal Waters.

Then this dissembling Traptor could not longer refrain, but with a Countenance like the lustful King of Thrace, when he intended the Ravishment of Progne, or like Tarquinius of Rome, when he deflowered Lucrecia, he let her understand by some outward Shewes, and dark Sentences the kindled fire of Love that burned in his Heart, and in the end he did wholly declare his devilish Pretence and determined Purpose.

So my unmarried Daughter being troubled in mind with his lustful Assaultments, began in this manner to reprehend him, Will you (said she) defile my Sister's Bed, and stain the Honour of your House with Lust? will you deprave me of that precious Jewel, the which I hold more dear than my Life, and blot my true Virginity with your false Deceit? brought you me
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from the comfortable sight of my Father to be joy unto my Sister, and will you flourish in the spoiling of my true Chastity. Look, look, immoderate Knight (I will not call thee Brother) look, I say, how the Skies blush at thy Attempts; and see how chaste Diana lies upon the winged firmament, and threatens Vengeance for her Virgin's sake: wash from thy heart these lustful Thoughts with showers of repentant Tears, and seek not in this sort to wrong thy Marriage-bed, the which thou oughtest not to violate for all the Kingdoms in the World.

Then this accursed Knight, seeing the chaste and virtuous Maiden to stand so boldly in the defence of her Virginity, with his rigorous Hand he took fast hold by her neck, and with a warlike Countenance he delivered these Words: Do not think stubborn Damsel to preserve thy Honour from the purposes of my Desires, for I swear by the Crystal Tower of Justice, either to accomplish my Intents, or put thee to the cruellest Death that ever was devised for any Damsel or Maid. At which Words the most sorrowful and distressed Virgin, with a shower of pearly Tears trickling down her seemingly blushing Cheeks, replied in this order: Think not, false Traptor (quoth she) that fear of Death shall cause me to yield to thy filthy Desires: no, no, I will account that I shall ten times more happy; and welcome to my Soul, then the joys of Medlock: then might I walk in the Elysian fields among those Dames that died true Virgins, and not live to hold the bud of my Maiden's Glory whipt with the nipping frosts of thy unnatural Desires.

Those Words being well understood by the lustful Knight, who with a Countenance more furious then savage Lyons in the Deserts of Libya, took her by the slender waist, and rigorously dasht her Body against the ground, and therewithal spake these Words: Understand, said he, and be well persuaded, thou unrelenting Damsel, that either living or dead, I will perform my Will and intended Purpose; for in my heart there burns a fire that all the Waters in the Seas can never quench; nor all the driving clouds of Rain, if they should drop eternal Showers; but it is the Water of thy sweet Virginity that must quench my furious burning Love: and therupon in a madness he cut a great part of the Train of her Gown and bound it deep fast to the Hair of her Head, which glistered like golden tresses, and dragged her up and down the Grove, till the Gown turned a purple colour, with the Blood that issued from her Body, by which cruelty he thought to enforce her to his pleasure, and he

repeated not his wicked Cruelty, and the more he proceeded to torment her, the more earnestly she defended her Honour.

When this cruel and inhumane Monster saw that neither flattering Speeches, nor his cruel threats were of sufficiency to prevail, began to forget all Faith and Loyalty he owed unto the Honour of Knight-hood, and the respect he should bear unto Women-kind, and blasphemed against Heaven, tearing her Cloaths all to pieces, he stripped her stark naked, and with the Reins of the Bible of his Horse, he cruelly whipped and scourged her white and tender Back, that it was full of blew Spots, and horrible circles of black and settled Blood; with such extrem cruelty that it was a very grievous and sorrowful sight to behold: And yet this did profit him nothing at all, for she continued in her former Resolutions.

He seeing that she still persisted in the defence of her Honour, he straightway like to a bloody Monster heaped Cruelty upon Cruelty, and so took and bound her well proportioned Legs, crystalline Arms, frightfully miened Withered Arms, saying, Oh cruel, and more cruel than any Woman in the World hath ever been, why dost thou suffer thyself to be Tormented, and not give consent to procure thy Ease? Dost thou think it better to endure this torment, than to live a most loving, sweet, and contented Life; and therewith his Anger so increased, that he staring on her Face with his accursed Eyes, fixed in such sort that he could not withdraw them back.

The which being perceived by this distressed Virgin, as one far more desirous of Death than of Life, with a furious Noise, she said, Oh Tyrant, thou wicked Monster, thou utter Enemy to all Humanity, thou homeless Creature, more cruel than the Lyons in the Deserts of Hircania; thou stain of Knight-hood, and the bloodiest Wretch that ever Nature framed in the World, wherein dost thou contemplate thus thyself? thou selfish Butcher, thou unmerciful Tyger, thou lecherous Hogg, and devourer of thy Progeny; make an end (I say) of these my Torments, for now it is too late to repent thee, gaze my unsupported Head with thy bloody Weapon, and send my Soul into the bosom of Diana whom I behold sitting in her celestial Palace, accompanied with numberless Troops of vestal Virgins, ready to entertain my bleeding Ghost into her pleasant Mansion. A Withered Knight seeing the steadfastness that she had in the defence of her Honour, with a cruel and infernal heart took aiken down which the Devil had given at her assault, and

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with a brutal anger doubled it about her neck and pinched it so fast, that her Soul departed from her terrestrial Body. O you valiant Knights that by your Prowess come to the reading of this dismal Tragedy, and come to the hearing these bloody Lines contained in this Golden Book, consider the great Constancy and Chastity of this unfortunate Maiden, and let the Grief thereof move you to take Vengeance of this Cruelty shewed without any Desert.

So when this infernal Knight saw that he was Dead, he took his Horse and rode after his fellows, and in a short time he overtook them, and looked with so furious and ireful a Countenance, that there was none durst be so hardy to ask him where any Daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore me great affection for the kindness and constancy I offered to him at his Lady's & my Daughter's Nuptials, who having a suspicion by the great alteration that appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsel, for that he came alone without bringing the Damsel with him, neither could he have any sight of her, he then presently withdrew himself back, and followed the footings of the Horse, and cried not till he came to the place where this cruelty was wrought; where as he found the Maiden Dead, at the view whereof he remained almost beside himself, in such sort that he had well nigh fallen to the Ground: the sorrowful Squire remained thus a good while before he could speak; but at last when he came again to himself, he began with a dolorous Complaint to cry out against Fortune, because she had suffered so great Cruelty to be committed upon this Damsel. And making this sorrowful Lamentation, he overlooked her from the Tree, and laid her naked Body upon part of her Apparel, the which he found lying by, all belemeared in Blood, and after wards complained in this pitiful sort:

O cruel Knight! (quoth he) what infernal Heart remained in thy Breasts, or what hellish Fury did bear thee Company, that thy Hands have committed this inhuman Sacrifice! was it not possible that this her summounting Beauty might have moved thee to pity, when it is of power to move the bloody Cimbal to remorse, and constrain even savage Monsters to relent? So with these, and other like sorrowful Words the most sorrowful Squire spake unto the dead Corpse, he cut down Briers from the Trees, and gathered Grass from the Ground for to cover the Body, and left it lying so, that it seemed to be a Mountain of green Grass, or a Thicket of springing Trees, and then determined with himself in the best manner that he could, to disguise the knowledge of the bloody Act, so he took his

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Ho:se and rode the next way towards the Castle, in which he rode so fast, that he overtook the Knight and his Company at the entering of the Gates, whereas the lustful Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any Person, entred into his Closet, by reason wherof this kind and courteous Squire had time to declare all things he had seen to the new married Lady, and the dolorous End of the constant Dandel her Sister. This sudden and unlooked for sorrow mixed with Anger and Wrath, was such in the Lady, that she caused the Squire not to depart from the Castle, until such time as more occasion served, and to keep all things in secret that he had seen, she herself remained very sorrowful, making mavelous and great Lamentation to herself all in secret, as if she would not be perceived, yet with a soft Voice she said:

Oh unfortunate Lady! Born in a sorrowful Hour, when some blazing and unlucky Comet rained: oh! unhappy Destinies that made me Wife unto so cruel a Knight, whose foul Misdeeds have made the very Elements to blush; but yet I know that Fortune will not be so far unkind, but that he will procure a strange Revenge upon his purple-stained Soul: Oh you immortal Powers! Revenge me on this wicked Homicide, if not, I swear that I will with mine own Hands put in practice such an Enterprize, and so stain my unspotted Heart with Willful-murder, that all the Fates above, and all the bright celestial Planes shall sit and look from their immortal Palaces, and tremble at the Terror of my Hate. This being said, she took in her hand a Dagger of the Knights, and in her Arms her young Son, being but of the Age of forty Days, saying: Now do I wish so much Evil unto the World, that I will not leave a Son of so wicked a Father alive; for I will wash my hands in their accursed Bloods, were they in number as many as King Dylam's Children. And so in this fearful order entred she the Chamber, where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his Bed from one side to the other, without taking any rest, but in his sleep rending and tearing the filken Ornaments, where with a sorrowful Weeping, and terrible Voice she called him Traytor, and like a fierce Tyger, with the Dagger that she brought in her hand, before his face she cut the Throat of the Innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the Bed, and therewith she said: Take there (thou Traytor) the Fruit that thy wicked Seed created in my Body, and then she took the Dagger at him also, in hope to have killed him; but Fortune would not that it should take effect, for it struck against the Wall of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her hand, which

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When the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, she returned upon her feet her out ragious furr; so taking the bloody Dagger, she thrust it into her heart in such sort, that it parted in two pieces; and so she fell down dead betwixt his Arms, that was occasion of all this bloody Cruelty. The great Sorrow he felt that this false and unhappy Knight received, was so strange, that he knew not what Counsel to take; but thinking upon a severe Vengeance that might succeed these cruel Acts, he straight ways devised that the Body of the Lady should be secretly Buried; which being done by himself, in the saddest time of the Night, in a solitary Garden under his Castle Wall, he heard a hollow Voice breath from the deep Vault of the Earth, this manner of Speech following: For the bloody Fact which thou so lately hast committed, thy Life draws near to a shameful End; and thy Castle, with all thy Treasure therein shall be destroyed, or fall into the hands of him whose Daughtersthou hast so cruelly Murthered. Upon this he determined to use a secret Policy, which was to set watch and ward in every passage near unto his Castle, and to arrest all such Travellers as by Adventure landed upon that Island, not suffering them to pass untill such time as they had promised up Oath to aid and assist him, even unto Death, against all his Enemies. In the mean time, the aforesaid Squire which had seen and heard all the tragical Dealings that have been here declared, in the best wise he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very sorrowful and heavy News: Judge here then gentle Knights and ye beholders of this woful Tragedy, what Sorrow I unfortunate Wretch sustained, and what Anguish I received; for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a senseless Swound, and being come again to my self, I all to belmeared my milk-white hairs in Dust, that before were as Clean as tyed Silber, and with my Tears, being the true signe of sorrow, I bathed the bosome of my Mother-earth, and my sighs passed with such abundance from my tormented Heart, that they stayed the passage of my Speech, and my Tongue could not reveal the Grief that my woful Thoughts conceived. In this dumb silence and sorrow of Mind I remained three Days, and three Nights, numbring my silent Passions with the Minutes of the Day, and my nightly Griefs with the Stars when frosty bearded Winter had clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds; but at last, when my amazed Griefs were something abated, my Eyes (almost blind with weeping) requiring some Aid, thereby to mitigate the sorrows of my Heart,

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I made my repair into a certain Meadow adjoining next unto my Cottage, where amongst the green Springing Downs, I purposed to take some Rest, and to lock up the Closets of my fearful Eyes, with golden Slumbers, thinking it to be the greatest Content my sobbing Heart required; but before I could settle my Senses to a quiet Sleep, I was constrained to breathe this woful Lamentation from my oppressed Soul:

Oh unhappy Chance! (quoth I) oh cruel and most spiteful Fortune! why diddest thou not make me lose this bitter and sorrowful Life in my Child-hood? or why didst thou not permit and suffer me to be strangled in my Mother's Womb, or to have perished in my Cradle; or at my Nurse's Pap? then had my Heart never felt this Sorrow, my Ears heard the Murder of my Children, nor mine Eyes had never wept so many helpless Tears.

Oh you Mountains, you untamed Beasts! oh you deep Seas, and you infernal powers of revengful Hell! come, I say, and willingly assist me in this mortal Tragedy, that these my aged Hands, which never yet practised any hainous Crime, may now be stained in his accursed Blood that hath bereaved me of the prop and stay of declined Age; my Daughters (I mean) whose bleeding Ghosts will never be appeased, nor never sleep in quiet upon the joyful Banks of the *Chanaan* Fields, but wander up and down in the World, filling each corner of the Earth with fearful and doleful clamours of Murder and Revenge, nor ever shall the furies of angry Souls be pacified, until mine Eyes behold a stream of purple gore run trickling from the detestable Breast of that accursed Ravisher, and that the Blood may issue from his guilty Heart like a Fountain with a number of Springs, where the Pavements of this Castle may be sprinkled with the same, and the Walls of his Turrets coloured with a crimson hue, like to the Streets of *Troy*, when as her Channels ran with Blood: at the end of this sorrowful Lamentation, what for Grief, and what for want of natural Rest, my Eyes closed together, and my Senses fell into a heavy Sleep.

But as I lay slumbering in the green Meadows, I dreamed that there was a great and fierce Wild-man, which stood before me with a sharp Fauchion in his hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat me thought I was so frightened, that I gave (in my troublefome Dream) many terrible shrieks, calling for succour to the empty Air. Then me thoughts there appeared before my Face a company of courteous Knights which said unto me: Fear not, old Man, for we be come from thy Daughter to aid and succour thee, but yet for all this the Wild-man vanished not away, but struck with his Fauchion upon my Breast, where as it seemed to open; and then the wild Centaure put his hand into the

gaping

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gaping Wound, and pulled out my bleeding Heart : where at the same instant, methought that one of the Knights likewise laid hold upon my Heart, and they strove together with much Contention, who should pull it from the others hands ; but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his Hand, and my Heart parted in two.

Then the piece which remained in the Wild-man's keeping, turned into a hard Stone; and the piece, which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red Blood, and so they vanished away. Then straight after this, there appeared before mine eyes the Image of my murdered Daughter, in the self same manner and form as you behold her portrayed, who with a naked Body all besmared in Blood, reported unto me the true Discourse of her unhappy Fortunes, and told me what place, and where her Body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for want of Burial : also desiring me not of myself to Attempt the Revengement, for it was impossible, but to intomb her Corpse by her Mother, and cause the picture of her Body to be most lively portrayed and wrought of fine Crystal, in the same manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it near unto a common Passage, where Adventurous Knights do usually Travel. And assuring me that thither would come some certain Christian Champions that should revenge this Injury and inhumain Murther. Which words being finished, me thought she vanished away with a grievous and heavy Groan, leaving behind her certain drops of Blood sprinkled upon the Grass : Whereat with great perplexity and Sorrow, I awaked out of my Dream, bearing it in my grieved Mind, not telling it to one, not so much as to the vast Air, but with all expedition performed her bleeding Souls request. Where ever since, most courteous and noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely Death, and my unhappy Fortune, spending the time in writing her doleful Tragedy in blood-red Lines, the which I see with great grief you have read in this Book of Gold. Therefore most curious Knights, if ever Honour encouraged you to fight in noble Adventures, I now most earnestly intreat you with your Magnanimous Fortitudes to assist me to take Revengement, for that great cruelty that hath been used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this forrowful History St. George with the other Champions, shed many Tears, wherewith there did increase in them a further desire of Revengement, and being moved with great Compassion, they, motivated by their Promises made to the honour of Knight hood, to persevere speedily on this vowed Revenge and determine as Purpose ; so leaving us a Promise to their pishered Dicks, promising that sooner would the stories of all the famous Romans be raised from Death, from the

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time of Romulus to Cæsar, and all the rest unto this time, than to be perswaded to return from their Promises, and never to travel back into Christendom till they had performed their Vows; and thus burning with Desire to see the end of this wonderful Adventure, St. George clasped up the bloody written Book, and gave it again to the Shepherd, and so they proceeded forwards towards the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle had his Residence, guided only by the direction of the old Man, whose aged Limbs seemed so lusty in Travelling, that it prognosticated a lucky Event; in which Journey we will leave the Champions for a time, with the wonderful provision that the Knight of the Black Castle made in his Defence, the Success whereof will be the strangest that ever was reported, and return and speak of St. George's three Sons in the pursuit of their Father; where we left them (as you heard before) travelling from the confines of Barbary, where they redeemed the Norman Lady from the Tawny-moors.

C H A P. VI.

A wonderful and strange Adventure that happ'ned to St. George his Sons, in the pursuit of their Father, by finding certain drops of Blood, with Virgin's Hair scattered in the Field, and how they were certified of the injurious dealing of the Knight of the Black Castle against the Queen of Armenia.

Many and dangerous were the Adventures of the three young Princes in the pursuit of their Father St. George, and many were the Countries, Islands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtain a wished sight of his Martial Countenance, but all to small purpose, for Fortune neither cast them happily upon that Coast where he with his famous Champions had their Residence, nor luckily sounded in their Ears the places of their Arrival. In which pursuit I omit and pass over many Noble Adventures that these three Princes achieved, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firm Land, and only discourse upon an Accident that hapned to them in an Island bordered upon the Confines of Armenia, near unto the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter; upon which Coast after they were arrived, they travelled in a broad and straight Path, until such time as they came to a very fair and delectable Forrest, whereas sundry crapping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and
throng

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Shed themselves from the parching Heat of the golden Sun; filling the Air with the pleasures of their well-tuned Notes. In this Forrest they travelled almost two hours, and then they went up to the top of a small Mountain which was at hand, from the which they discovered very fair and well-tow'ed Towns, Princely Palaces, very sumptuous to behold; likewise they discovered from the Hill a fair Fountain wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed four Spouts running with Water, which fell into a great Cistern, and coming to it, they washed their hands, refreshed their faces, and so departed.

After they had looked round about them on every side, and toward their right hand they espied amongst a company of green Trees, a small Tent of black Cloath, towards which these young Princes directed their Courses, with an easie Pace, but when they had entered the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent a while, hearkning if they could hear any stirring, but they could neither see nor hear any thing, but only they found the print of certain horse feet upon the Sand, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose Foot-steps they were, for that they seemed to be some Ladies or Damselfs: so finding the Trace they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to hast, so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the end they approached a little Mountain, whereas they found scattered about certain locks of yellow hair, which seemed like threads of Gold; and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with drops of Blood, where-by they well understood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Lady's head: likewise they saw in divers places how the Earth was spotted with spurs of crimson Blood: then with a more Desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountain, and having lost the Foot-steps, they recovered it again by gathering up the Hair, where they had not travelled far upon the Mountain, but towards the Waterside they heard a piteous Complaint, which seemed to be the Noise of a Woman in great Distress, and the words which the Knights did understand, were these: *O Love! now shalt thou no more rejoyce, nor have any longer dominion over me, for Death I see is ready to cut my thred of Life, and finish these my sorrowful Lamentations: how often have I ask'd Revengement of the iflands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath been the cause of my Hamment, but yet she will not hear*

O Love! now shalt thou no more rejoyce, nor have any longer dominion over me, for Death I see is ready to cut my thred of Life, and finish these my sorrowful Lamentations: how often have I ask'd Revengement of the iflands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath been the cause of my Hamment, but yet she will not hear

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my Request: how oft have I made my sad Complaints to Hell, yet have the fatal Furies stop't their Ears against my mournful Cries. And with this she held her peace, giving a sorrowful Sigh; which being done, the Wise Christian King is turn'd their Course to the place from whence they heard this Complaint, and discovered among verdant green Trees, a Lady who was endued with singular Beauty, being so excellent, that at almost dep'th'd them of their Hearts, and captiv'd their Senses in the snare of Love, which liberty as yet they never lost: she had her Hair about her Ears, which hung down'dly down her lovely Shoulders through the Violence of wind against herself; and leaning her Cheek upon her delicate white Hand, that was all bespotted with Blood, which was constrained by the scratching of her Nails upon her rosy-colour'd face: by her stood another damsel which she thought to be her Daughter, for she was clad in virgin-colour'd Silk as white as the Lilies of the fields, and as pleasant to behold, as the glistering Moon in a clear transparent shining light; notwithstanding all this beauty, yet the Wise Prince and Knights would not discover themselves, but stood close by the thicket of the woods, which grew near unto the Mountain, to hear the event of this sad Accident; whereas they stood clost, they heard her thus to utter with her beautiful Daughter.

Oh my Rolsa (quoth she) the unhappy figure of him, that without pity hath wounded my Heart, and left me comfortless with the greatest cruelty that ever Knight or Gentleman left to do: How hath it been possible that I have had the force to bring up thee, the Child of such a Father which hath bereaved me of my Liberty! O you Sovereign Powers, grant that I may establish in my mind the remembrance of the Love of thy adulterous Father? O Girl, born to a further Grief, how do I desire the guiders of thy Fortunes, that thy glistering Beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beams thereof may take revenge of the dishonour of thy Mother: give ear, dear Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art born in the Dishonour of thy Generation, by the loss of my Virginity, here do I charge thee upon my Blessing, even at my hour of Death, and swear thee by the hand of Nature, never to suffer thy Beauty to be enjoyed by any one, until thy disloyal Father's Head be offer'd up in Sacrifice unto my Grave, thereby somewhat to appease the fury of my discontented Soul, and recover part of my former Honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Queen, to the wonderful amazement of the three young Knights, which as yet

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intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the event, for they conjectured that her useful Complaints were the indication of some strange Accident: Thus as they stood obscurely behind the Trees, they saw the young and beautiful Damsel give into her dying Mother, Paper, Pen and Ink, the which she pulled from her fair Bosom, with which she griev'd Queen Isabel certain sorrowful Lines unto him that was the cause of her Banishment, and making an end of her writing, they heard her (with a dying Breath) speak unto her Daughter these sorrowful Words following:

Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy Mother at her latest Gasps, and imprint my dying Request in thy Heart, as in a Table of Brains, that it never may be forgotten; Time will not give longer respite, that with Words I may shew unto thee my deep Affections, for I feel my Death approaching, and the fatal Sisters ready to cut my thread of Life asunder between the edges of their Shears, inasmuch that I most miserable Creature do feel my Soul trembling in my Flesh, and my Heart quivering at this my last and fatal Hour, but one thing (my sweet and tender Child) do I desire of thee before I die, which is, That thou wouldst procure that this Letter may be given to that cruel Knight thy disloyal Father, giving him to understand of this my troublesome Death, the occasion whereof was his unreasonable Cruelty: and making an end of saying this, the miserable Queen fell down, not having any more strength to sit up, but let the Letter fall out of her hand, the which her sorrowful Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Father's Brest, she replied in this sorrowful manner:

O my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it adds a Torment more grievous unto my Soul than the Punishment which Danaus his Daughters feel in Hell: I had rather be torn in pieces by the fury of some merciless Monster, or to have my Heart parted in twain by the hands of him that is my greatest Enemy, than to remain without your company. Sweet Mother, let these my youthful Years and this green budding Beauty encourage you still to revive, and not to leave me comfortless like an Exile in the World; but if the gloomy Fates do triumph in your Death, and abridge your breathing trunk of Life, and your Soul must needs go wander in the Elysian Shades, with Truce's Shadow, and with Dido's Ghost, here I protest by the great and tender Love I bear you, and by the due Obedience that I owe unto your Age, either to deliver this your Letter into the hand of my unkind Father, or with these my rusel Fingers to rend my Heart in sunder; and before I will forget my Vow, the silver stream'd Cygnet shall forsake her

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her Course, the Sea her Tydes, and the glittering Queen of Night her usual Changes, neither shall any Forgetfulness be an occasion to withdraw my Mind from performing your dying Requests: Then this weak Queen, whose Power and Strength was wholly decayed, and her hour of Death grew near at hand, with a feeble Voice she said, O you sacred and immortal Gods, and all you bright celestial Powers of Happiness, into your divine Bosomes now do I commend my dying Soul, asking no other Revengement against the cause of my Death, but that he may die like me for want of Love.

After this the dying Queen never spake word more, so at that instant the cruel Destinies gave an end unto her Life; but when Rosana perceived her to be Dead, and she left to the World devoid of Comfort, she began to tear the golden Trammels from her Head, and most furiously to beat her white ivory Breast, filling the empty Air with clamours of her Wans, making the Skies like an Echo to resound her Lamentations, and at last taking her Mother's Letter into her hands, washing it with floods of Tears, and putting it next unto her naked Breast, she said, Here lie thou, near adjoining to my bleeding Heart, never be removed until I have performed my dying Mother's Testament. Oh Works, and the last Work of those her dying Hands, here do I swear by the Honour of true Virgins, not to part it from my grieved Bosome, until such time as Love has rent the disloyal Heart of my unkind Father; and speaking this she kissed it a thousand times, beating forth millions of sighs, and so with a blinding Countenance, as red as Aurora's glittering Beams, she rose, and said to herself, What is this Rosana, dost thou think to recal thy Mother's Life with ceremonious Complaints, and not perform that which by her was commanded thee? Arise, arise, I say, gather unto thyself Strength and Courage, and wander up and down the World, till thou hast found thy disloyal Father, as thy true heart hath promised to do.

The words were no sooner finished, but St. George's Sons like Penitent Hearts were almost overcome with Grief, came from the Pine-trees, and discovered themselves to the Danies, and courteously requested her to discourse the story of all her past Persecutions, and as they were true Christian Knights they promise her (if it lay in their Power) to release her Sorrows, and to give end unto her Persecutions. Rosana when she beheld these courteous and well-meant Knights, which in her conceit carried relenting Pines, and considering how kindly they desired to be partners in her Griefs she stood not upon curious Terms, nor upon Exceptions, but most willingly condescended

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ed to their Requests; so when they had prepared their Ears to entertain her sad and sorrowful Discourse, with a sober Countenance, she began in this manner:

Lately I was (quoth he) whilst Fortune smiled on me, the only Child and Daughter of this liveless Queen that you behold here lying Dead, and she before my Birth, whilst Fortune granted her Prosperity, was the Maiden Queen of a Country called Armenia, adjoining near unto this unhappy Island, whom in her young Years when her Beauty began to flourish, and her high Renown to mount upon the wings of Fame, she was so intrapped with the golden Bait of blind Cupid, and so intangled with the Love of a disloyal Knight, called the Knight of the Black Castle who after he had flourish't in the spoil of her Virginitie, and had left his fruitful Seed springing in her Womb, grew weary of her Love, and most discourteously left her as a Shame unto her Countrey, and a Stain unto her Kindred, and after gave himself to such Lustful and Lascivious manner of Life, that he unlawfully Married a Shepherd's Daughter in a Forreign Land, and likewise ravished her own Sister, and after committed her to a most inhumane Slaughter in a desert Wood: this being done, he fortified himself in his Black Castle, and only consoled with a cunning Necromancer, whose skill in Magick is now grown so excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in despite of the whole Earth.

But now speak I of the tragical Story of my unhappy Mother, when as I, her unfortunate Babe, began first to struggle in her Womb, wherein I wish I had been strangled; she heard news of her Knight's ill demeanour, and how he had given himself to the spoyle of Virginitie, and had for ever left her Love, never intending to return again, the Grief whereof so troubled her Mind, that she could not in any wise dissemble it; and so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to remembrance her spotted Virginitie, and the Seed of Dishonour placed in her Womb, she fell into a wonderful and strange Trance, as though she had been oppressed with sudden Death, which when her Ladies and Damselfs beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich Ornaments, and to carry her unto her Bed, but she made Signs with her hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whose Commandment was straightway's obeyed, not without great Sorrow of them all, for their Loves were dear unto her; this afflicted Queen, when she saw that she was alone, began to exclaim against her Fortune, reviling the Fates with bitter Exclamations.

Oh unconstant Queen of Chance (saith she) thou that hast wraped
such strange Webs in my Kingdom, thou that gavest my Honour to that

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Tyrant's Lust, which without all Remorse hath left me Comfortless, it is thou that didst constrain me to set my Life to sale, and to sell my Honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling me to do that which hath spotted my princely Estate, and stained my bright Honour with black Infamy: woe is me for Virginity! that which my Parents gave me charge to have Respect unto, but I have carelessly kept it and imlally regarded it: I will therefore chastise my Body, for this forgetting of myself, and be so revenged for the little regard that I have made of my Honour, that it shall be an Example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high Estate in the whole World. Oh miserable Queen! oh fond and unhappy Lady! thy Speeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate Hand should pull out thy despised Heart from thy bleeding Breast, yet can it not make satisfaction for thy Dishonour. O you Clouds! why do you not cast some fiery Thunder-bolt down upon my Head? or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous Body? oh false and deceived Lord, I would thy loving and amorous Words had never been spoken! nor thy quick-sighted Eyes ever gazed upon my Beauty, then had I flourisht still with Glory and Renown, and lived a happy Virgin of chaste Diana's Train.

With these and other like Lamentations this grieved Queen passed away the time from Day to Day, till at last she felt her Womb to grow Big with Child: at the which she received double Pain, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and seeing her self in this case, like a Woman hated and abhorred, she determined to discover herself Publickly unto her Subjects, and deliver her Body unto them to be sacrificed unto their Gods: and with this Determination one day she caused certain of her Nobles to be sent for, who straight-way came, according to her Commandment, but when she perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Honour were come thither before her, she robed her self with a rich Robe, and sat upon her Bed in her private Chamber, being so pale and lean, that all they that saw her had great compassion upon her sorrow, being all set round about her Bed, and keeping silence, she revealed to them the cause of her grief in this manner:

My Lords (quoth she) I shame to entitle myself your Queen and Sovereign, in that I have defamed the honour of my Country, and little regarded the Welfare of my Common-wealth, my glittering Crown me thinks is shaded with a Cloud of black Disgrace, and my princely Attire converted into unchaste Habilliments, in which I have both lost the liberty of my Heart, and withal my wonted Joy, and now am constrained to indure perpetual Pain, and an ever-pining Death, for I have

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have lost my Honour, and reaped nothing but Shame and Infamy. To conclude, I have foregone the liberty of a Queen, and sold myself to a slavish Sin, only mine own is the Fault, and my own shall be the Punishment. Therefore without making any Excuse, I here surrender up my Body into your Powers, that you may (as an evil Queen) sacrifice me unto our Gods, for now my Lords you shall understand, that I am dishonoured by the Knight of the Black Cattle, he hath planted a Vine within my fruitful Garden, and also sown a Seed within my accursed Womb, that hath made Armenia Infamous; he it is that hath committed hourly Evils in the World, he it is that delights in Virgins Spoils, and he it is that hath bereaved me of my Honour, but with my Consent I must needs confess, and lest me for a Testimony of this my evil Deed, big with Child, by which my Virgin's Glory is converted to a monstrous Scandal: and with this she made an end of her lamentable Speech, and being grievously oppressed with the pain of her burthenous Womb, she sat her down upon her rich Bed, and attended their Wills.

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were present, had understood all that the Queen had said unto them, like Men greatly amazed, they changed their colours from red to white, and from white to red, in sign of Anger looking one upon another, without speaking any Words, but printing in their Hearts the Fault done by their Queen, to the great disgrace of their Country, they without any further consideration, deprived her from all Princely Dignity, both of Crown and Regiment, and pronounced her perpetual banishment from Armenia, like Subjects not to be governed by such a defamed Princess, that hath grafted the Fruit of such a Tree within her Womb.

So at the time appointed, like a Woman sorrow and hated of all Companies, she stowed herself with sufficient Treasure and betook herself to her appointed Banishment. After whole departure, the Armenians elected themselves another Prince, and left their lustful Queen wandring in unknown Islands, big with Child, devoid of Succour and relief, where instead of her princely Bed covered with Canopies of Silk, she took her nightly Repose upon the green Grass, shadowed with the sable Curtains of the Skies, and the Purples that were provided against her Deliber were Nymphs and Fairies dancing in the night by Proserpine's Commandment. Thus in great Grief continued she many days, contenting herself with her appointed Banishment, making her Lamentations to whispering Winds, which sent in

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in her conceit to re-answer her Complaints: at length the glistering Moon had ten times borrowed light of golden Phoebus and the nightes clear Candle was now almost extinguished, by which time approached the hour of her laboursome Travell, where without help of a Woman, she was delivered of me her unhappy Daughter, where ever since I have been nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many times when I came to years of Discretion, my woful Mother would discourse unto me this lamentable Story of both our Miseries, the which I have most truly declared unto you.

Likewise she told me, that many times in my Infancy, when she wanted Milk in her Breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lynx, and sometimes a She-Bear, and gently give me suck, and contrary to the Nature of wild Beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby she conceived that the immortal Powers had preserved me for some strange Fortune: Likewise at my Birth Nature had pleased upon my Breast directly betwixt my two Paps the lively form of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautifie my Bosom with a Vermilion colour, and this was the cause that my Mother named me Rosana, answerable to my Natures Mark. After this we lived many a Year in great Distress, Poverty and Want, intreating Time to redress our Woes, more often then we had lived hours; the abundance of our Tears might suffice to make watry Seas, and our Sighs counterball the Stars. But at last, the fatal Sisters listening to my Mother's Prayers, and to my great Sorrows deprived her of Life, where now I am left a comfortless Orphan to the World, attending the time until I find some courteous Knight that may conduce me to the Black Castle, where my dishonour father hath his Residence, that I may there perform my Mother's dying Will.

These words being finished, Rosana stood silent, for that her extreame Grief hindered the passage of her Tongue, and her Eyes rained such a shower of pearled Tears upon the lifeless Body of her Mother, that it constrained St. George's Dogs to express the like sorrow: where after they had let fall a few salt Tears down from their sad Eyes and had taken truce for a time with Grief, then took Rosana by the hand (which before that time never touched the hand of any Man) and protected her to depart from her company till they had safely conduced her to the Black Castle. Thus after this when the Christian Knights had pitifully bewailed the Miserie and untimely Death of her Mother,

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Other, they took their Daggers and digged a Grave under a Bay-tree, and buried her Body therein, that hungry Ravens might not seize upon it, nor furlous Bears tear it in pieces, nor ravenous Harpies devour it, and after with the point of their Daggers, they engraved this Epitaph in the rinde of the Bay-tree; which words were these that follow:

The Epitaph over the Grave of the unfortunate Queen of Armenia.

*Here lies the Body of a helpleſs Queen,
Whoſe great Good-will to her ſmall Joy did Bring;
Her willing Mind requited was with Teen,
Though ſhe deſerv'd, for love, a Regal King:
And as her Corſe incloſed here doth lie,
Her luckleſs Fate, and Fame ſhould never die.*

So when they had made this Epitaph and covered her Grave with green Turfe, they departed forward on their Journey, towards the Black Caſtle, where we will leave them in their Travels, and return to the diſſolal Leoger, and how he fortified his Caſtle by Magick Art, according to the learned ſkill of a cunning Necromancer, and of the Adventure that hapned to St. George with the other three Chriſtian Champions in the ſame Caſtle; therefore grant you immortal Powers of Invention, that my Pen may be dipt in the Water of that learned Fountain, where the nine Siſters do inhabit, that by the help of that ſweet Liquor my Muſe may have a delightful Wein, ſo that mixing the ſpeech of Mercury, with the prowels of Mars, I may diſcourſe the ſtrangeſt Accident that ever hapned to wandring Knights.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the preparation that the Knight of the Black Caſtle made by Magick Art, to withſtand his Enemies, and how the Seven Champions entered the ſame Caſtle, where they were Enchanted into a deep Sleep ſo long as ſeven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the Water of an Enchanted Fountain.

The wicked Leoger, as you have read of before, being the Knight of the Black Caſtle, and one that for Wealth and Treafure, ſurpaſſed moſt of the Potentates, when he grew deteſted and abhorred in every Company, as well by Noble Knights as

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as Gallant Ladies, for the spoil and murder of those three
Orphan Daughters, whose pitiful Stories you heard in the two
former Chapters, and fearing sudden Vengeance to fall upon
his Head, he fortified himself strongly in his Castle, and with
his Treasure hired many furious Giants to defend it: wherein
if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, he comforted
with a wicked Necromancer, that he with Charms and Spells
should work wonders in his Castle, which Magical accomplish-
ments we will pass over till a more convenient time, because I
purpose to explain the History in good order to the Reader.

First, speak we of St. George with the other Christian Knights
that came in revenge of the Shepherd and his unfortunate
Daughter, who with good Success arrived upon the Shore of the
Island, where this wicked Leoger and the Magician had fortified
their Black Castle in which Country the Champions like the
invincible Soldiers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the
frowns of inconsistent Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest
way towards the Castle: in which Journey they were almost ra-
vished with the pleasure of the Island, for entering into a narrow
and straight Lane, garnished on both sides with Trees of divers
sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their plea-
sant Melodies, and made their sweet and accustomed Songs
without fear of any Man to molest them. In which row of plea-
sant Trees that delighted them on both sides, there wanted not
the green Lawrel, so much esteemed of learned Scholars, nor
the sweet Myrtle tree, loved by Ladies, nor the high Cypress,
so much regarded of Warriors, nor the stately Pine, which for his
astonishing height is called the Prince of Trees: whereby they
judged it to be rather an habitation for Gods, and Goddesses, than
a terrestrial Country, for that the Golden Sun with his glister-
ing Beams did pass through those green and pleasant Trees
without any hindrance of black Clouds, for Skies were clear
as crystal silver: likewise the Western Wind did softly shake
the shivering Leaves, whereby it made as sweet a Harmony as
if they had been Celestial Cherubins: A thousand little stream-
ed Brooks ran upon the enameled Ground, making sundry fine
works by their crooked Turnings, and joining one Water
with another, with a very gentle meeting, making such silver
Musick, that the Champions with the pleasure thereof were al-
most ravished, and finally regarded whether their Horses went
right or no, and travelling in this sort, they rode forward till
they came into a marvellous great and wide Meadow, bring-
ing

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of such exceeding fairness, that I am not able with a Pen to point out the excellency thereof; whereas were feeding both wild and tame Beasts, adorned with great and cragged Horns: likewise the furious wild Boar, the fierce Lyon, and the simple Lambs, were altogether feeding with so great friendship, as on the contrary, by Nature they were Enemies.

Whereat the noble Champions were almost overcome in their own Concoits, and amazed in their Imaginations, to see so strange Love, clean contrary unto Nature, and that there was no difference betwixt the love of wild Beasts and tame, in this manner they travelled along, till upon a sudden they arrived before the Buildings of the Black Castle; and casting their Eyes towards the same, they beheld near unto the principal Gate, right over the Castle, twelve marble Pinnacles, of such an exceeding bright, that the Pyramids of Egypt were very low in comparison of them; in such sort that whatsoever would look upon them, was scant able with his sight to comprehend the height thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with several Colours. Down below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with a great Wall or Ditch, being of so great a depth, that they thought it to reach to the midst of the Earth, and it was almost two hundred Paces broad, and every Gate had his Draw-bridge, all made of red Boards, which seemed as though they had been bathed all in Blood. After this the Champions rode to the other side of this goodly Castle, wondering at the curious and sumptuous workmanship, where they espied a Pillar of beautiful Jasper-Stone, all wrought full of precious Stones of strange Works, the which Pillar was of great value, and was garnished with chains of Gold, that were made fast unto it by Magick Art, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly Silver Trumpet, with certain Letters carved about the same, the which contained these Words following:

If any dare attempt this place to see,

By sounding this, the Gate shall opened be;

A Trumpet here enchin'd by Magick Art,

To daunt with fear the proudest Champion's Heart;

Look thou for blows that interest in this Gate,

Return in time, Repentance comes too late.

The which when St. George beheld, and had understood the meaning of these mystical Letters, without any more tarrying, he took the Silver Trumpet to his mouth, and sounded such a

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belement blast, that it seemed to Echo in the foundation of the Castle; whereat the principal Gate presently opened, and the Draw-bridge was let down, without the help of any visible hand, which made the Champions to wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange Accident; but yet intending not to return, like Cowards daunted with a puff of Wind, they alighted from their warlike Steeds, and delivered them into the old Shepherd's hands, to be fed upon the fragrant and green Grass, till they had performed the Adventure of the Castle, the which they vowed either to accomplish, or never to return: so locking down their Beavers, and drawing forth their keen-edged Fauchions, they entered the Gates, and being safe within, the Champions looked round about them to see if they could espy any body, but they saw nothing but a pair of winding Stairs, whereat they descended, they had not gone many steps, but therein was so great a darkness, that scarce they could see any light, so that it rather seemed the similitude of Hell, than any other woild place, yet groping by the Walls, they kept their going down those narrow and turning Stairs, which were very dark, and at such length, that they thought they descended in the middle of the Earth.

They spent a great time in descending those Stairs, but in the end they came into a very fair and large Court all compassed with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a Pallace provided to keep untamed Lyons, wherein casting their Eyes up to the top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Perromancer upon a large Gallery, supported with huge Pillars of Brass; likewise there were attending upon them seven Giants clothed in mighty Iron Coats, holding in their hands Bars of Steel, to whom the bold and venturous Champion of England spake with an undaunted Courage and loud Voice in this manner, saying, Come down thou wicked Knight, thou spoyl of Virginity, thou that art invironed with these monstrous Giants, these the wondrous works of Nature, whose daring Looks seem to scale the Clouds, much like unto the Pride of Nimrod, when he offered to build up Babel's confused Tower. Come down I say, from thy brazen Gallery, and take to thee thy Armour, thou that hast a Heart to commit a Virgin's Rape, for whose Revenge we come; now likewise have a Courage in thy Defence, for we vow never to depart out of thy Castle, till we have confounded thee, or by thy Force be discomfited.

At which words he held his peace, expecting an Answer, whereat the wicked Knight when he heard these heretical speeches of St. George, began to fret and fume like to a Starved Lyon, tormented with hunger, or the cruel Tiger musing in humans skin,

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with a great desire to satisfie his Choller, or like the Wrath of
dogged Cerberus when as he was with Alcides Flesh; even so
raged Leoger the Knight of the Black Castle, threatening forth fu-
ry from his sparkling Eyes; and in this vile manner re-answered
the noble Champion of England: Proud Knight (quoth he) or Pea-
sant, whatsoever thou art, I pass not the smallest Hair of my Head, for
thy upbraiding me with thy unruly Tongue, I will return thy Speeches
on thy self; for the Pavements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy
curled Blood, and the Bones of those thy unhappy Followers shall be
buried in the links of my Channels. If thou hadst brought the Army of
Cesar, that made all Lands to tremble where he came, yet were they
but as a blast of wind unto my force; seest thou not my Giants which
stand like Oaks upon our brizen Gallery? they at my Commandment
shall take you from the places where you stand, and throw you over
the Walls of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you flee in-
to the Air, more then ten Fathoms high. And for that thou hast upbrai-
ded me with the disgrace done unto a Virgin, I tell thee, if I had thy
Mother here, of whom thou tookest first the ayre of Life, my hand should
spilt her Womb, that thou mightest see the Bed of thy Conception, as
I have did in Rome: or if thy Wife and Children were here present
before thy face, I would abridge their Lives, with thy accursed Eyes
might be witnesses of their bloody Murders; so much Wrath and Fiare
rageth in my Heart, that all the Blood in my Body cannot wall it thence.

At which words the Giants, which he had hitherto to defend him
from his Foes, came unto him very strongly armed with hur-
dy Weapons in their hands, and required him to be quiet, and
to abate his so intemperate Anger, and they would fetch unto his
presence all those valiant Knights that were the occasion of his
Disquietness and Anger; and so without tarrying for an answer,
they departed down into the Court, and left the Knight of the
Castle with the Musketry standing still upon the Gallie, pro-
cess the following Encounters. But when the Giants ap-
proached the Champions presence, and saw them so well po-
sitioned and furnished, Knights of so gallant Diarces, they
flourished about their knotty Clubs, and purposed not to spend
the time in Words but in Blowes.

Then one of the fiercest and cruellest Giants of them all (which
was called Brandamond) seeing St. George to be the forwardest
in the Enterprize, and judged him to be the Knight that had so
maded his Lord, he began with a stern Countenance to speak un-
to him in this manner: Art thou that bold Knight (said the Giant)
that with thy witless Words hast so angered the mighty Leoger the
Lord of this Castle? If thou be, I advise thee by Submission to seek to

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appease his furious Wrath before Revengement be taken upon thy Person. Also I do charge thee (that if thou wilt remain with thy Life) that thou dost leave thy Armour, and yield thyself with all these Followers with their hands bound behind them, and go and ask Forgiveness at his Feet: To which Sir George with a smiling Countenance answered, Cuyant (saith he) thy Counsel I do not like, nor thy Advice will I receive, but rather do we hope to send thee and all thy Followers without tongues to the infernal King of fiery Whirleton, and for that you shall not have any more time to speak such folly and foolishness, either return your ways from whence you came, and repent of this which you have said, or else prepare yourselves to a mortal Battle.

The Giants when they heard the Champions Resolutions, and how slightly they regarded their Proffers, without any longer tarrying they straightway fell upon Sir George and his Company, intending with their knotty Bows of Steel to beat them as small as flesh unto the Pot, but the Queen of Chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Giants smally prevail'd, for betwixt them was fought a long and terrible battle, in such danger that the victory hung wavering on both sides, not knowing to whom it would fall; the Hats and Fauchions made such a noise upon one anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the blows of the Cyclops working upon their Anvils: and at every blow they gave, fire flew from their fleeted Corlets, like sparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the Skies resounded back the echoes of their Drubbes, the Ground shook as though it had been oppressed with an Earth-quake: the pavement of the Court was over-spread with an intermingling of blood and sweat, and the Walls of the Castle were mightily battered with the Giants Clubs; by the time that glistering Sol, the days bright Candle, began to decline from the top of Heaven, the Giants (wearyed in fight) began to faint, whereat the Christian Knights, with more Courage, began to encrease in strength, and with such vigour assailed the Giants, that before the golden Sun had dived to the western World, the Giants were quite discomforted and slain: some lay with their Hands dismembred from their Bodies, weltering in purple gore; some had their Brains sprinkled against the Walls; some lay in Channels with their Entrails trailing down in streams of Blood; and some Joyntless, with Bodies cut in pieces, so that there was not one left a live to withstand the Christian Champions.

Whereat Sir George with the other Sir Knights fell upon their knees, and thank'd the immortal Regor of all good Chance for their Victory. But when the Knight of the Black Castle which

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which stood upon the Gallery during all the time of the Executioner, and saw how all the Giants were slain by the powells of those strange Knights, he raged in great Malice, wishing that the Ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered into the hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himself headlong from the top of the Gallery, where he was, but that his Chains against the Pavement, had not the Executioner, who likewise beheld the death of the Executioner, intercepted him in his intended Vile, promising to perform by Art what the Giants could not do by force. So the Executioner fell to his Magick Spells and Charms, by which the Christian Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in danger of their Lives, by a fearful and strange manner, as shall be hereafter shewn: For as they stood after their long encounters, unbricking their Armour to take the fresh Air, and their bloody Wounds received in their last combat: the Magician called by his Art a Spirit in the likeness of a Lady of a marvellous and fair Beauty, to look through an Iron Gate, who seemed to lean her fair face upon her white hand very pensively, and distilled from her crystal Eyes great abundance of Tears. When the Champions saw this beautiful Creature, they remained in great Admiration, thinking with themselves that by some hard Witchcraft he was imprisoned in those Iron Gates: as which this Lady did seem to open her fair and sparkling Eyes looking earnestly upon St. George, and giving a grievous and sorrowful Sigh, she withdrew herself from the Gate; which sudden departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great desire to know who it should be, suspecting that by the force of some Enchantment, they should be overthrown: but calling up their Eyes again to see if they could see her, they could not, but they saw in the very same place, a Woman of a great and princely Stature, who was all armed in Silver Plates, with a sword girded at her Waist, breasted in a golden Scabbard, and had hanging at her Neck an Ivory Bow and a gilt Quiver: this Lady was of so great Beauty, that she seemed almost to exceed the other, but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sudden she vanished away, leaving the Champions no less troubled in their thought than before they were. The Christian Knights had not long time bewailed the absence of the two Ladies, but that without seeing any body, they were stricken with such furious blows upon their Backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one Knee upon the ground, yet with a scree they rose again, and looking then to see who they were that smote them, they perceived

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had them to be the likeness of certain knights, which in great hast seemed to run in at a Door that was at one of the corners of the Court, and with the great Anger that the Champions received, seeing themselves so hardly entreated, they followed with their accustomed lightness after the knights, in at the same Door, where they had not entered three steps, but that they fell down into a deep Cave, which was covered over in such subtle sort, that whosoever did tread on it, straightway fell into the Cave, except he was advertized thereof before. Within the Cave, it was as dark as the silent Night, and no light at all appeared: but when the Champions saw themselves treacherously betrayed in the Trap, they greatly feared some further mischief would follow, to their utter overthrow; so with their Swords drawn, they stood ready charged to make their Defence, against whatsoever should after happen: but by reason of the great darkness that they could not see any thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they determined to strike themselves against something, either Wall, Piller, or Wall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every place for some other Door that might bring them forth out of the darksome Den, which they compared to the Pit of Hell.

And as they went groping and feeling up and down, they found that they did tread upon no other things but dead Mens Bones, which caused them to stand still, and not long after they espied a secret Window, at the which entered a little clearness and gave some light into the Den, where they were, by which they espied a Bed most richly furnished with Curtains of Silk, and golden Pendants, which stood in a secret Room of the Cave, being hung with rich Capetery of a sable colour; which Bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long fight which they had with the Giants in the Court of the Castle, they required some rest, and desired to sleep upon the Bed, but not all at one instant, for they feared some Danger to be at hand, and therefore St. George as one most willing to be their Watch-man, and keep Sentinell in so dangerous a place, caused the other Champions to take their repose upon the Bed, and he would be as wakeful as the Cock against all dangerous Accidents, so the six Christian Knights repaired to the Bed, whereon they were no sooner laid, but presently they fell into a heavy enchanted sleep, in such sort that they could not be awaked by any manner of violence, not all the horrible Drums in Europe if they were sounding in their Ears, nor the rattling Thunder-claps of Heaven where sufficient to recal them from their slumbers: for indeed the Bed

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was enchanted by the Necromancer's Charms in such manner that whosoever but sat upon the Bed, or but touched the furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heavy a sleep, as if they had drunk the juice of Opium, or the seed of Poppy: where we will leave them for a time like Pin cast into a Trance, and speak of the terrible Adventure that hapned to St. George in the Cave, who little mistrusting of their Enchantments, stood like a careful Guard, keeping the furious Wolf from the Spoile of the ill-fated Sheep; but upon a sudden his Heart began to throb, and his Hair to stand upright upon his Head, yet having a Heart fraught with invincible Courage, he purposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himself to withstand whatsoever hapned; so being in these princely Cogitations, there appeared unto him as he thought, the Shape of a Hagislaw, with a Village in his face and full of wrinkles, with locks of black Hair hanging down to his shoulders, like to wreaths of entwined Snakes, and his Body seemed to have nothing upon but Skin and Bones, who spake unto St. George in this despightful manner; In an evil Hour (said the Hagislaw) comest thou hither and so shall thy Lodgings be, and thy Entertainment worse: for now thou art in a place where thou shalt look for no other thing but to be Meate unto some furious Beast, and thy surmounting Strength shall not be able to make any Defence.

The English Champion whose Heart was oppressed with extreme Wrath answered, O vile and accursed Changer (said he) whom ill Chance confound for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the Fiends have digged an everlasting Tomb in Hell, what fury hath incensed thee, that with thy false and devillish Charms thou dost practise so much evil against travelling and adventurous Knights? I hope to obtain my Liberty in despite of all thy Mischief, and with the strength of this Arm to break all thy Bones in under.

All that thou dost and wilt do I suffer at thy hands, replied the Necromancer, only for Revengement that I will take of thee for the slaughter of my Master's Giants, which as yet lie Murdered in the Court, and that very quickly: and therewithal he went insidiously out of the Cave. So not long after at his back he heard a loud den noise, and beheld as it were a window opening by little and little, whereas there appeared a clear light, by the which St. George plainly perceived that the Walls of the Cave were drenched with Blood, and like unto that the Bones wherewith they had retailed their prey, and the Bones wherewith they had retailed their prey, which appeared not to be very long since these things was done with such fury and cruel Teeth; but this consideration could not long endure

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and ure with him, for that he heard a great rushing, and look-
 ing out at it should be, he saw coming forth of another Den a
 mighty Serpent with wings, as great in Body as an Elephant,
 he had only two feet, which appeared out of that monstrous bo-
 dy but of a span length, and each foot had three claws of three
 fangs in length, she came with mouth open, of so monstrous
 and huge bigness, and so deformed, that a whole armed knight,
 Horse and all might enter in therat: she had upon her jaws
 two tusks, which seemed to be as sharp as needles, and all her
 Body was covered with sharp scales of diverse colours, and with
 great fury he came with her wings all abroad: St. George al-
 though he had a valliant and undaunted mind yet could he not chole
 but he croubled at the sight of so monstrous a Beast. But con-
 sidering with himself, that it was then time and great need to
 fight, and to be expert and valliant for to make his De-
 fence, he took his good cutting Sword in his hand and throw-
 ed it under his hard and strong Shield, and carryed the com-
 ing of that huge Monster. But when the furious beast saw that
 there was a prey whereon he might employ her sharp teeth, she
 struck with her venomous Wings and with her piercing
 Claws she griped, and said fast hold upon St. George's hard Shield,
 pretending to have swallowed whole this couragious Warriour,
 and fastning her Sharp Tusks upon his helmet, which she found
 so hard that she let go her hold, and furiously pulled at his Car-
 pet with such a strength that she drew it from his Arm; which
 that the English knight struck at her head a mighty and strong
 blow with his Sword, but in no wise it could hurt her by rea-
 son of the hard Scales wherewith it was Covered, and though
 he gave her no wound, yet for all that she felt the blow in such
 sort, that it made her to recoil to the ground, and to fall upon
 her long and hideous Tail: then this valliant knight made great
 haste to redouble his force to strike her another blow, but all was
 in vain, for that upon a sudden she stretched her self so high,
 that he could not reach her head: but yet kind Fortune so fa-
 voured his hand, that he struck her upon the Belly, whereas
 she had no Defence with Scales, nor any other thing but Fea-
 thers, whereout issued such abundance of black Blood, that it
 sprinkled all the Den about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt her self so
 sore wounded, struck at St. George such a terrible blow with
 her Tail, that if he had not seen it coming it had been sufficient to have
 pierced his body in pieces, the Knight to save his self from the

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blow, fell flat upon the ground; for he had no time to make any other defence: but that terrible blow was no sooner passed over him, but straight ways he recovered his feet, at such time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here Saint George having a great confidence in his strength, performed such a valiant Exploit, that all former Adventures that have been ever done by any Knight, may be put in oblivion, and this kept in perpetual memory: for that he threw his Sword out of his hand, and ran unto the Serpent, and caught her betwixt his Arms, and did so squeeze her, that the furious Beast could not help her self with her sharp Claws, but only with her wings he beat him off every side. This valiant Champion and noble Warriour would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his Arms continuing this perilous and dangerous fight, till all his bright Armour was imbrued with her bestial blood, by which occasion he lost a great part of her strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long induced this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernal Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valiant brest of the English Knight, till such time as he plainly perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her strength. Likewise it could not be otherwise, but Saint George waxed somewhat weary, considering the former fight he had so lately with the Giant. Notwithstanding, when he felt the great weakness of the Serpent, he did animate himself with courage, and having opportunity by reason of the quantity of Blood that issued from his Wounds, he took his trusty Sword and thrust it into her Heart with such violence, that he clove it in two pieces: so this infernal Monster fell down dead unto the ground, and carried the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together; but by reason that the Serpent lacked strength, he quickly cleared himself of her Claws, and recovered his Sword. But when he saw certainly, he was clear from the Monster, and that she had pished up her detested breath into the brittle Air, he kneeled down, and gave thanks to the happy Queen of Chance for his Deliverer.

The venom was so great, that the Serpent flew out to infect the Knight, that if his Armour had not been of a precious vertue, he had been impoisoned to death.

After the Victory was obtained, and the Monster dead, he grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and cool himself by a Well, which was full of water, standing in a corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent first appeared and came forth. And when he found himself refreshed, he repaired to the Church.

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ed bed, whereupon the other six Champions lay sleeping, and dream-
ed of no such strange accident that had hapned unto him, to whom he
purposed to reveal the true discourse of all dangers that had befallen
him in that accident.

But he sooner approached he unto that enchanted bed, and let him-
self down upon the one end thereof, and thinking to begin his dis-
course, but he presently fell into a heavy and dead slumber.

There will we leave them sleeping and dreaming upon the En-
chanted bed, not to be awakened by any means, & return to the Secre-
tary, that was blinded all the time of the Serpents encounter
with Leoger, in burying of the dead Quaints, but he knew by his Art
that the Serpent was slain, and likewise Saint George oppressed
with a charmed sleep in company of the other Champions upon
the Enchanted bed, from whence he purposed that they never more
should awake, but spend the rest of their Fortunes in eternal
sleeps.

Whereupon by his devilish Arts he caused Lamps to burn
continually before the entry of the Cave, the properties whereof were
so strange, that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Cham-
pions should never be waked, and the fires should never be quenched
but by the water of an enchanted Fountain, the which he like-
wise by Magick Art had erected in the middle of the Court guarded
most strongly with Sprights: and the water should never be ob-
tained but by a Virgin which at her birth should have the form of a
Rose lively pictured upon her breast.

These things being performed by the secrets of the Magicians
skill, added such a pleasure to Leogers heart, that he thought him-
self elevated higher than the Towers of his dwelling; for he account-
ed no joy so pleasing unto his Soul, as to see his mortal Enemies
captivated in his power, and that the Magician had done by his Art,
than all the Knights in Asia could perform by prowess. These will
not now only leave the Champions in their sleeps, dreaming of no
Mischance, but also the Magician with Leoger in the black Castle,
spending their time securely, careless of all ensuing danger, and
speak now of the old Shepherd whom the Champions at their first
entering in at the Gates of the Castle, left to look unto their warlike
Palfreys, as they fed upon the green Grass: which old man, when
he could hear no news of the Champions return, he greatly mistrust-
ed their conclusion, and that by some treachery they were intercepted
in their vowed revengement; therefore he protested secretly with
his own Soul, if that for his sake so many brave Champions
had lost their lives, never to depart out of those fields, but to spend
his

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his days in such sorrow as did that hapless King of Babylon, that for seven parching Summers, and as many freezing Winters was constrained to feed upon the flowers of the fields, and to drink the dew of Heaven, till the hairs of his head grew as stiff as Eagles feathers, and the Nails of his fingers like unto birds claws, the like extremity he vowed to endure until he either re-obtained a wished sight of these invincible Knights (the Flowers of Chivalry) or else were constrained by course of nature to yield up his lashed life to the fury of those fatal Sisters. In this deep distress with my weary mind like-wise leave this old Shepherd mourning for the long absence of the English Champion, and the other Christian Knights, and turn unto St. George's valiant Son, whom we left travelling from the Queen of Armenia's Grave with her unhappy Daughter Rosana, to take revenge of her disloyal Land, being the Knight of the Black Castle, of whose villanies you have heard so much before.

CHAP. IX.

How Saint George's three Sons after their departure from the Queen of Armenia's Sepulchre, in company of her Daughter Rosana, met with a Wild Man, with whom there hapned a strange Adventure: and after how they entered the Black Castle, where they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the Seven Champions of Christendom, after they had slept seven days upon an Enchanted Bed, with other things that chanced in the same Castle.

THE budding flowers of Chivalry, the valiant Sons of Saint George, to perform their knightly promises, and to accomplish what they had protested to Rosana, at the Queen her Father's Grave, which was to bring her safely unto the black Castle, where her unkind Father had his residence. First they provided her a Palfrey or Jennet, bred upon the borders of Spain, which was furnished with black Caparisons, in sign of her heavy and discontented mind, and his fore-head beautified with a spangled Plume of feathers.

Where in her company they travelled day and night from the Confines of Armenia, with successful Fortune, till they happily arrived upon the Island of the black Castle, where they were constrained to rest themselves many nights under the shadows of green leaved Trees, where the melody of silver tuned Birds brought to them sweet sleeps: and instead of delicate fare, they were forced to satisfy their hunger with sweet Oranges and ripe Pomegranates, that grew very plentifully in that Island.

The Second Part of the novel.

But at last, upon a morning, when the Skies appeared in their light very clear and pleasant, and at such time as when the Sun began to spread his glittering Beams upon the lofty Mountains and stately Cedars, they set forward on their Journey, hoping before the closing in of the days bright countenance, to arrive at the Black Castle, being their long wish for Haven, and desired Port. But entering into an unknown way and narrow path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderful Adventure.

For as they travelled in those untrdden Passages, spending the time in pleasant conference without mistrusting of any thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Island: upon a sudden (not knowing the occasion) their Horses started, and rose up with their fore feet, and turned backward into the Air in such sort, that they had almost unseated their Riders: whereat the valiant Knights upon a sudden looked round about them to see who or what it was that caused so much fear, but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should be the occasion of such Terror, they grew wonderfully troubled in mind. Then one began to encourage the rest, saying, Believe me Brethren, I much wonder what should be the cause of this alteration in our Horses, hath some Spirit glided by us? or remaineth some Devil among these Bushes? Whatsoever it be, let us by the power and labour of all good luck attempt to know, and with our warlike Weapons revenge the frightening of our Horses, for our minds are not daunted by the Protocols of Men, nor are we afraid of the fury of Devils.

These words being spoken with great courage and Majesty, caused Rosana to smile with a cheerful countenance, and to embolden her heart against all ensuing accidents: so presently they came to a River which was both clear and deep, the which they judged to run quite thorow the middle of the Island: and so travelling along by the River side, where within a little while their Horses began again to startle, & to be wonderfully afraid: whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant Eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be, that made their Horses so timorous, they espied a terrible Monster in the shape and form of a Satyr or a Wild Man, which did cross overthwart the Island, of a wonderful great and strange making, who was as big and broad as an Giant: for he was almost four square: his face was three foot in length, and had but one Eye, and that was in his fore-head, which glittered like a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet, his Body was covered all over with long and shagged hair, and in his breast there was as though it had
been

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keep glass, out of the which there seemed a great and shining light to proceed.

This Monster directed his way towards certain Rocks of Stone which stood in the Island, and by reason of the fragling and great noise that the Horses made, he cast his Head aside, and espied the three Knights travelling in company of the Lady: upon whom he had no sooner cast his blazing Eye, but with a Devilish fury he ran towards them, and instead of a Club, he bare in his hand a great and knotty Maple Tree.

These valiant Knights never dismay'd at the sight of this deformed Creature, but against his coming, they chear'd up their Horses, and pricked their sides with their golden Spurs, giving a great shout, as in sign of encouragement, and withal drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood attending the fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light leaps cleared themselves from his violent Blows, so that his Club fell down to the ground with a terrible fall: as though with the violence it would have overthrow'n a Castle.

With that the Knights presently alighted from their Horses, thinking thereby more nimbly to defend themselves, and with more courage to assail the Sayer. Many were the Blows on both sides, and dangerous the Encounter, without sign of Victory inclining to either party.

During the Battel, Rosana (through the grief and fear that she receiv'd) I wounded upon her Palfrey, and had fallen beside his back, (she had not first elosed her hands about the pommel of the saddle, & long come a little unto her self, she made humble supplication unto the Lady of Chance, soliciting her that she might rather be buried in the Monsters Bowels, thereby to satisfy his Wrath, than to see such Noble Knights lose the least drop of Blood, or to have the smallest Hair upon their Heads diminished: such was the love and true zeal she bore unto those three Knights.

But Saint George's Hons so manfully behaved themselves in the Encounter, bearing the Blowes of their Fathers Mind, that they made very deep wounds in the Monsters flesh, and such terrible gashes in his Body, that all the green Grass was covered with his black Blood, and the ground all so besmeared and strewed with his mangled flesh.

When the Devilish Monster felt himself wounded, & saw how his blood stood upon the Earth like congealed gore, he fled from them more swift than a whirle-wind, or like to an Arrow forced from a Quiver, and

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and ran in great haste to the Rocks that stood thereby, where presently he threw himself into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which did close up the Entry, the which was done with so great lightness, that the Knights had no time to strike him; but after a while, wondering with themselves to see such a strange and sudden thing, they assailed by strength to remove the Stone, and clear the mouth of the Cave, which they did not without great difficulty.

Yet for all that, they could not find which way they might enter in thereat, but like unto Lyons sought with anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rock, to see if they could espy any Entry, and at last they found a great Cliff on the one side of the Rock, & looking in thereat, espied the Monster lying upon the floor, licking of his bleeding wounds with his purple tongue.

And seeing him, one of the Knights said, O thou Traytor and Destroyer by the Highways! O thou infernal Devil and Enemy unto the world: thou that art the devourer of Humane Flesh, and drinker of Mans Blood, think not that this thy strong and fast closing up of thy self in this Rock of Stone shall avail thee, or that thy Devilish Body shall escape unslaughtered out of our hands: No, no, our bloody Weapons shall be heathen in thy detested Bowels, and rive thy damned Heart asunder; and therewithal they thrust their Weapons through the Cliff of the Rock, and pierced his throat in such sort, that the Monster presently dyed, the which being done, they returned in triumph like Conquerors to Rosana, where they found her half dead lying upon her Palfrey.

But when she saw them return in safety, with a joyful and loud voice, she said: O sweet Queen of Chance, how hath it pleased thy Divine Majesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and Provails than any other in all the World, else could they not have chosen, but have been overcome by this remorseless Monster, which seemed to be of force to destroy Kingdoms? therewithal she alighted in good state from her Palfrey, and late her down under the shadow of a Pine Tree, where the three Knights likewise late down, and laid their weary Heads upon her soft Lap to sleep, upon whose faces she fanned a cooling breathing Air, and wiped their sweat Brows with her Handkerchief, using all means she could to procure them contentment.

Long had they not reposed themselves upon Rosana's Lap, refreshing their weary Bodies with a golden slumber, but they awakened and mounted upon their Steeds, and the next morning by break of day, they approached the sight of the Black Castle: before whose

Walls

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Walls they found seven poorly Breeds, feeding within a green Pasture, and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true picture of Sorrow, and carving in the Marks of Trees the true Subject of all his pained grief: this man was the old Shepherd which the seven Champions of Christendom (before their enchanted slays in the Castle) left without the Gates to oversee their Horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But S. George's Song (after they had a while beheld the manner of the Shepherds silent lamentations) demanded the cause of his grief, and wherefore he remained so near the danger of the Castle? to whose demands, the courteous old man answered in this manner.

Brave Knights (said he) for you seem to be no less by your Princely demeanors, within this Castle remaineth a Bloody Tyrant, & a wicked Pomicide called Leoger, whose Tyranny & Lust hath not only ravished, but murdered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honoured in my young years, in whose revenge there came with me seven Christian Knights of seven several Countreys, that entered his accursed Castle about seven days since, appointing me to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant care of their Horses till I heard either news of the Tyrants confusion, or their overthrow: but never since by any means could I learn whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words struck such a terror to their hearts, that for a time they stood speechless, imagining that those seven Knights were the seven Champions of Christendom, in whose pursuits they have travelled so many Countreys. But at last, when S. George's Song had recovered their former speeches, one of them (though not intending to reveal what they imagined) said to the old Shepherd: that likewise they came to be revenged upon that accursed Knight, for the spoil of a beauteous and worthy Virgin Queen, done by the same lust-inflamed Tyrant.

Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses, and likewise committed them to the keeping of the old Shepherd: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous proceedings. So the three Knights buckled close their Armour, laced on their Helmets, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle Gate, the which glistered against the Sun like burnish Gold: whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate, that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous storm of Thunder in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble-pillar'd win-

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window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought shirt with black Silk, and covered with a Right-gown of Damask Velvet: and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the Gate, he thus discourteously greeted them.

You Knights of strange Countries (said he) so so doth it appear by your strange demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your Bones buried in the Vaults of our Castle, turn back unto the Jasper Pillar behind you, and sound the silver trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall your entry be easie, but your coming forth miraculous. And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper Pillar, and with a vehement Breath sounded the Enchanted Trumpet, as St. George did before; whereat the Gates flew open in like manner: where into (withour disturbance) they entered: and coming into the same Court where the Champions had fought with the Giants, they espied the Enchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the Enchanted Bed. Under the Lamps hung a silver Tablet in an Iron Chain, in it was written these words following:

The fatal Lamps with their enchanted Lights,
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with sloth confounded,
Whose Fame but late in every place resounded.
Except the flaming Lamps extinguisht be,
Their golden Thoughts shall sleep eternally:

A Fountain fram'd by Furies rais'd from Hell,
About whose Spring doth fear and terror dwell.

No Earthly Water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is;
No Wight alive this Water may procure,
But she that is a Virgin chaste and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Upon her Breast to print a purple Rose.

These Verses being perused by the three Knights, and finding them as it were, contrived in the manner of a mystical Oracle, they could not imagine what they should signify: but Roda being singular well conceited, and of a quick understanding, presently knew that by her the adventures should be finished, and therefore

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He encouraged them to a forwardness, and to seek out the enchanted fountain, that by the water thereof the Lamps might be quenched, and the seven Champions delivered out of Captivity.

This importunate desire of Roland caused the three young Knights not to lose any time, but to search in every corner of the Castle, till they had found the place wherein the fountain was: for as they went towards the North-side of the Court, they espied another strange way standing in the Wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a Portal of Steel, and in the Key-hole thereof there was a Brazen key, with the which they did open it, whereat presently (unto their wonderful amazement) they heard a very sad and sorrowful voice heary forth these words following:

Let no Man be so fool-hardy, as to enter here; for it is a place of Terroure and Confusion.

Yet for all this they entered in thereat, and would not be daunted with any ceremonious fear, but like Knights of herolical estimation, they went forward: wherein they were no sooner entered, but they saw that it was wonderful dark, and it seemed unto them that it should be a very large Hall, and there they heard very fearful howlings, as though there had been a Legion of Hell-hounds, or the Pluto's Dog had been Vicegerent of that place. Yet for all this these valiant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed courage, nor would the Lady leave their companies for any danger at all, but they entered in further, and took off their Gauntlets from their left hands, whereon they wore marvellous great and fine Diamonds which were set in Rings, that gave so much light that they might plainly see all things that were in the Hall, the which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the figures of many furious Fiends, Devils, with other strange visions framed by Magick Art, only to terrifie the Beholders. But looking very circumspectly about them on every side, they espied the Enchanted fountain standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their shields braced on their left Arms, and their good Swords charged in their right hands, ready to withstand any dangerous accident whatsoever should happen.

But coming to the fountain, and offering to fill their Helmets with water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Ghyphon, which seemed to be all of flaming fire, who struck all the three Knights one after another in such sort, that they
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were forced to recoll back a great way: yet notwithstanding with discretion they kept themselves upright, and with a wonderful lightness accompanied with no less anger, they threw their Shields at their backs, and taking their Swords in both their hands, they began most fiercely to assay the Gryphon with mortal and strong blows. Then presently there appeared before them a whole Legion of evil spirits with flesh hooks in their hands, spitting forth flames of Fire, and breathing from their nostrils smoking Sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible sort encountered they these three valiant Knights, whose years although they were but young, yet with great worth & redoubled force adventured they themselves amongst this Hellish Crew. Striving such terrible blows, that in spite of them they came unto the Fountain, and proffered to take of the water: but all in vain, for they were not only put from it by this Devilish company, but the water it self glided from their hands.

And in what great trabel & perplexity these Knights remained amongst this wicked and devilish generation, for to defend themselves, that they might attain to the finishing of this Adventure, according to their Knightly promise.

But during the time of all these dangerous encounters, Rosana stood like one bereft of sense, though the terror of the same: but at last remembering her self of the description written in the Magic Table, the which the Knights pulled by the enchanted Lamp, the signification of which was that the quenching of this light should be accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the lively form of a Rose naturally pictured upon her cheek, all the which Rosana knew to be certainly to be comprehended in her self, therefore whilst they continued in their dangerous fight, she took up a Helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights Heads by the furious force of the Gryphon, and ran unto the Fountain, and filled it with water, whereupon she quenched the enchanted Lamp, with as much ease as though one had dipped a waken Torch in a mighty River of water.

This was no longer done and finished, to Rosana's chief contentment, but then the Skies began to wax dark, and immediately to be overspread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great thundering and lightnings, and such a terrible noise as the earth would have sunk: and the longer it endured, the more was the fury thereof, in such sort that the Gryphon with all that belated generation of Spirits vanished away, and the Knights forsook their encounters, and fell upon their knees, and with great humility they desired in their hearts to be delivered from the snare of

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the exceeding and terrible Tempest. By this sudden alteration of the Heavens the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their enchanted sleep, the Castle yielded to the pleasure of the three Knights, and his own life to the fury of their Swords, except he prefer'd it by a sudden flight, so presently he departed the Castle, and secretly fled out of the Island undiscovered by any one: of whose after Fortunes, Adventures, and Death, you shall hear more hereafter in the course of the History following.

The Necromancer by his art likewise knew that the Castle was mov'd unto his Enemies Power, and that his charms and magicks spells nothing prevailed: therefore he caused two airy Spirits in the likeness of two Dragons to carry him swiftly through the Air in an Ebon Chariot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and devilish attempts, and bann'd enterprises, which shall be discours'd hereafter more at large: because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the seven renowned Champions of Christendom, that by the extinguishing of the Lamps, were awakened from their Enchantments wherein they had lain in obscurity for the space of seven days. When they were risen from their sleep, and had row'd up their airy Spirits, like Men newly recovered from a Trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable enterprise, they long time gazed on each others face, being not able to expels their minds, but by looking looks, being the silent speakers of their extrem sorrow. At last, St. George began to expels the extremity of his grief in this manner:

What is become of you brave Europe Champions (said he,) Where is now your wonted Valours, of late so much renowned through the World? What is become of your unmounted strengths, that hath bruised enchanted Helms, and quail'd the power of mighty Multitudes? What is become of your terrible blows, that have subdued Mountains, hewed in funder Diamond Armour, and brought whole Kingdoms under your subjections? Now I see that all is forgotten, and nothing worth, for that we have buried all our Honours, Dignities, and Fames, in slothful slumbers, upon a silken Bed.

And then upon he fell upon his knees, and said, Thou that art the Guide of all our Fortunes, unto thee I invoke and call, and desire thee to help us, and do not permit us to have our names taken away for this dishonour, and let us merit Dignity by our Victories, and that our bright Renowns may ride upon the glorious wings of Fame, whereby the Babes as yet unborn may speak of us, & in time to come fill whole Volumes with our princely Atchievements.

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These and such like Speeches pronounced this discontented Champion, till such time as the Elements cleared, and that golden red Phoebus glistered with splendant brightness into the Cae through a secret hole, which seemed in their conceits to dance about the Wall of Heaven, and to resioite at their happy Deliveries.

In this joyfull manner returned they up into the Court of the Castle, with their Armour buckled fast unto their Bodies, which had not been unbaced in seven days before, where they met with the three Knights coming to salute them, and to give them the courtesies of Knighthood.

But when Saint George saw his Sons, whom he had not seen in two yeares before, he was so ravished with joy, that he swooned in their bosoms, being not able to give them his blessing; To great was the pleasure he took in their sights.

Here I leave the joyfull greeting betwixt the Father and his Sons, to those that know the secret love of Parents to their Children, and what dear attention long absence breedeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the integritie of their Souls to each other, and had at large explained how many dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their departure from England, when as they began their first intended Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, as you heard in the beginning of this Book, they determined to search the Castle, and to find out Leoger with his associate the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due punishments for their committed offences, but they like Willy. Foxes were led from the Hungers traps and had left the empty Castle to the spoil of the Christian Champions: but when Rosana saw her dismissal from her purpose, and that she could not perform her Mothers will against her disloyal Father, she protested by her Mothers name never to close up her chearful eyes with quiet slumbers, nor ever rest her weary Limbs in bed of Down, but trabel up and down the circkle Earth, till she enjoyed a sight of her disloyal Father, whom as yet her eyes did never see. Therefore she conjured the Champions by the love and honour that Knights do bear unto poor distressed Ladies, to grant her liberty to depart, and not to hinder her from her intended Trabel.

The Knights considered with themselves that she was a Lady of a divine Inspiration, boyn unto some strange fortune, & sent by the heavens appointed, which had redeemed them from a wonderful misery. Therefore they condescended to her desires, and not onely gave her leave to depart, but furnished her with all things belonging to a Lady of so brave a mind.

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First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a Woman, the which the Enchanter had caused to be made by magicke Art, of such a singular nature, that no weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it weighed no heavier than a Tygers Skin, it was contrived after the Amazonian fashion, plated before with silver plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and ribbed together with golden Rails: so that when she had it upon her back, she seemed like to Diana, hunting in the Forrest of transformed Acteon.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the East-side of the Castle, a lusty limbed Breed big of stature, and of a very good hair, for the half parts forwards was of the colour of a Wolf, and the other half was all black, saving that here and there it was spotted with little white spots: his feet were cloven, so that he needed not at any time to be shod: his neck was somewhat long, having a little head, with great ears hanging down like a hound: his pace was with great Majesty, and he so doubled his neck, that his mouth touched his breast, there came out of his mouth two great tusks like unto an Elephant, and he did exceed all Horses in the World in lightness, and did run with an exceeding good grace. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, the which did more content her mind, than any thing that ever her eyes had seen before that time: Also the ten Christian Knights gave her at her departure ten Diamond Rings, continually to wear upon her Fingers, in perpetual remembrance of her courtesie.

This done without any longer tarryance, but only thanking them for great kindness shewed unto her in distress, she leapt into the saddle without the help of stirrup or any other thing, & so rode speedily away from their sights, as a shower of rain driven by a violent Tempest.

After her departure, the Champions remembered the old Shepherd, whom they had almost forgotten, through the joy that they took in their happy Meetings, he as yet remained without the Castle Gates, carefully keeping their Horses; whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the honour due unto his age, but bestowed frankly upon him the Care and government of the Castle, with store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasure, only to be maintained and kept for relief of poor Travellers.

This being performed with their general consents, they spent the remnant of the day in banquetting and other pleasant conference of their passed adventures: & when the night with her sable Clouds had over-spread the days delightful countenance, they betook them to their rests: the seven Champions in a Chamber that had as many

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many continuance as there were days in the year, the old Shepherd by himself in a rich furnished Parlor, and St. George's three Sons in the greatest Hall in the Castle.

C H A P. X.

Now after the Christian Knights were gone to bed in the Black Castle, Saint George was awaked from his sleep in the dead time of the Night, after a most fearful manner, and like this how he found a Knight lying upon a Tomb that stood over a flaming Fire, with other things of note that hapned upon the same.

NOW three were the sleeps that these Princely minded Champions took in the Castle all the first part of the night, without molestation either by disquiet dreams or disturbing distractions of their minds, till such time as the Queen of Night had run half her weary journey, and had spent the better part of the night: for between twelve and one, being the chiefest time of fear and terror in the night, such a strange alteration did work in Saint George's thoughts, that he could not enjoy the benefit of sweet sleep, but was forced to lie broad awake, like one disquieted by some sudden fear; but as he lay with wakeful eyes, thinking upon his passed Fortunes, and humming the minutes of the night with his cogitations, he heard as it were a cry of Night-Rabens which drew hearing their black Wings against the Windows of his Lodging, by which he imagined that some dreadful accident was near at hand, yet being not frighted with this fearful noise, nor daunted with the croaking of these Rabens, he lay still silently, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the six several Beds in the same chamber: but at last being between sleeping and waking, he heard as it were the voice of a sorrowful Knight, that constrained his better passions from his tormented soul, and he contained these words following:

O thou invincible Knight of England, thou that art not frighted with this sorrowful dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but Torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish bed, and with thy undaunted courage and strong Arm, break the charm of my Enchantment.

And therein that he seemed to give a most terrible groan, and so ceased. This unexpected noise caused Saint George (without the knowledge of any of the other Champions) to arise from his Bed, and to buckle on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to see if

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As he might find the place that harboured the Knight that made
such sorrowful lamentations.

So going up and down by corners in the Castle, all the latter
part of the night, without finding the adventure of this strange
voice or disturbance by any other means, but that he was hindered
from his natural and quiet sleep, by the break of day, when the
dark night began to withdraw her sable Curtains, and to give
liberty to display her purple brightness, he entered into a four
square Parlour hanging round about with black cloth, and other mourn-
ful habiments, where on the one side of the same he saw a Tomb
all covered likewise with black, and upon it there lay a Man with a
pale colour, who at certain times, gave most marvellous and grie-
vous Sighs, raised by burning flames that proceeded from under
the Tomb, being such that it seemed that his Body therewith
should be converted into Coals: The flame thereof was so stinking,
that it made Saine George somewhat to retire himself from the
place where he did see that most horrible and fearful spectacle.

He which lay upon the Tomb, casting his eyes aside, espied
Saine George, and knowing him to be a humane creature, with an
afflicted voice he said, Who art thou Sir, Knight, that art come into this
place of Sorrow, where nothing is heard but clamours of Fear and Ter-
ror?

Nay, tell me (said Saine George,) who thou art, that with so much
Grief dost demand of me, that which I stand in doubt to reveal to thee.

I am the King of Babylon (answered he) which without all consideration,
with my cruel hand did pierce thorow the white and delicate Brest of my
belov'd Daughter, Woe be to me, and woe unto my Soul therefore, for
she at once did pay her offence by Death, but I, a most miserable wretch,
with many Torments do die living.

When this worthy Champion Saine George was about to an-
swer him, he saw come forth from under the Tomb a Damsel who
had her hair of a yellow and wan colour, hanging down about her
shoulders, and by her face she seemed that she should be very strange-
ly afflicted with Torments, and with a sorrowful voice she
said:

O unfortunate Knight, what dost thou seek in this infernal lodg-
ing, where cannot be given thee any other pleasure but mortal toy-
ment, and here is but one thing that can clear thee from it, and
this cannot be told thee by any other but by me: Yet I will not
revel it, except thou wilt grant me one thing which I will ask
of thee.

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The English Champion that with a sad countenance stood holding of the sorrowful Damsel, and being greatly amazed at the sight which he had seen, answered and said: The Powers which were Governours of my liberty, will do their pleasures, but counting the grant of thy request, I never denyed any lawfull thing to either Lady or Gentlewoman, but with all my power and strength I was made to fulfill the same, therefore demand what thy pleasure is: And with that the Damsel threw her self into the Sepulchre, and with a grievous voice she said: now most courteous Knight perform thy promise, strike but three strokes upon this fatal Tomb, and thou shalt deliver us from a world of Miserie, and likewise make an end of our continual torments.

Then the invincible Knight replied in this order, whether you be humane creatures, said he, placed in this Sepulchre by Enchantment, or furies raised from fiery Acheron, to work my confusion or no, I know not, and there is so little truth in this infernal Castle, that I stand in doubt whether I may believe thy words or not: but per discourse unto me the truth of all your passed fortunes, and by what means you were brought into this place, and as I am a true Knight and one that fights in the quarrel of Christendom, I vow to accomplish whatsoever lyeth in my power.

Then the Damsel began with a grievous and sorrowful lamentation to declare as strange a Tragedy as ever was told.

And lying in the fatal Sepulchre unseen of Saint George, that stood leaning his back against the Wall, to hear her discourse a lamentable story, with a hollow voice like a murdered Lady, whose bleeding Soul as yet did feel the terrible stroke of her Death, she repeated this pitifull Tale following:

CHAP. XI.

Of a Tragical Discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tomb, and how her Enchantment was finished by Saint George, with other strange accidents that happened to the other Six Champions of Christendom.

In famous Babylon sometimes reigned a King, although a Heathen, yet adorned with noble and vertuous customs, and had only one Daughter that was very fair, whose name was Angelica, humble, wise, and chaste: Who was beloved of a mighty Duke, and a man wonderful running in the black Art, this Magician had a sage and grave countenance, and one that for wisdom better deserved the Government than any other in the Kingdom, and

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and was very well esteemed throughout all Babylon almost equally with the King: for which there ingendered in the Kings heart a secret rancour and hatred towards him. The Magician cast his eye upon the young Princess Angelica, and it was ordained by destiny, that she should repay him with the same affection, so that both their hearts being wounded with love the one to the other, they incurred sundry great Passions.

Then Love, which continually seeketh occasions, did on a time set before this Magician, a Waiting-Maid of Angelica's named Fidelia, the which thing seemed to be wrought by the immortal power of the Goddess Venus: Oh in what fear the Magician was to discover unto her all his heart and to bewrap the secrets of his love-lieka soul; but in the end, by the great industry and diligence of the Waiting-maid (whose spirit was as an arrow unto her mind) there was order given that these two Lovers should meet together.

This said Angelica for that she could not at her ease enjoy her true Lover, she did determine to leave her own natural Country & father, and with this intention being one night with her Lover, she cast her Arms about his neck, and said:

O my sweet and well-beloved friend, seeing that my Destinies have been so kind to me, as to have my heart linked in thy Breast, let no man find in thee ingratitude, for that I cannot live, except continually I enjoy thy sight, and do not muse (my Lord) at these my words, for the intense love that I bear to you, constraineth me to make it manifest. And this believeth of a certainty, that if thy sight be absent from me, it will be an occasion that my heart will lack his vital recreation, and my soul forsake her earthly habitation. You know, my Lord, how that the King my Father doth hate you no good will, but doth hate you from his soul, which will be an occasion that we cannot enjoy our hearts contentments: for the which I have determined (if you think well thereof) to leave both my Father and my native Country, and to go and live with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady with-out life: but I know you will not deny me: for thereon consisteth the benefit of my welfare, and my chiefest prosperity. And thereupon shedding a few tears from her most blue eyes, she held her peace.

The Magician (as one half ravished with her earnest desires) answered and said, *Shall I not do all that you shall desire?*

O my Love and sweet Mistress, therefore have you any doubt that I will not fulfill and accomplish your desire in all things: therefore out of hand put all things in readiness that your pleasure is to have done: for what more benefit or contentment can I receive, than to

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enjoy your sight continually, in such sort that neither of us may depart from the others company, till the fatal Destinies give end to our lives? And if it be so fall out, that fortune frown upon us, that we be espied and taken in our enterprise, and suffer death together, what more glory can there happen unto me, than to die with thee, and to end my life betwixt thy arms: therefore do not trouble your self dear Lady and Pittrels, but give me leave for to impart your presence, that I may provide all things in readiness for our departure. And so with this conclusion they took leave one of the other, and departed away with as great secrecy as might possibly be devised.

After this, within a few days, the Magician by his Enchantment caused a Charter to be made, that was drawn by the flying Dragons into the which without being stayed of any one, they put themselves, together with their relicts. Making haste, and in great secrecy they departed out of the Kings Pallace, and took their journey towards the Country of Armenia: into the which Country in a short time they arrived, and came without any misfortune unto a place where as deep Rivers did continually fall upon a Rock, upon the which stood an ancient building, where in they intended to inhabit, as a most convenient place for their dwelling, whereas they might without all fear of being found, live peaceably, enjoying each others love.

Not far from that place there was a small Village, from whence they might have necessary provision for the maintaining of their bodies. Great joy and pleasure these two Lovers received when they found themselves in such a place, whereas they might take their fill of each others loves.

The Magician delighted in no other thing, but to go a hunting with certain Country Dwellers that inhabited in the next Village, leaving his sweet Angelica accompanied with her trusty Fidelia in the house, so in this order they lived together four years, spending their days in great pleasure, but in the end, time (who never sleeps) did take from them their rest, and repayed them with sorrow and extreme misery. For when the King her Father found her missing, the sorrow and grief was so much that he received that he kept his Chamber a long time, and would not be comforted of any body.

Four years he passed away in great heaviness, filling the Court with Echoes of his beloved Daughter, and making the Streets resound his lamentations: sorrow was his food, salt tears his drink, and grief his chief Companion.

But at last, upon a time as he sat in his Chair, lamenting her

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presence with great heaviness, and being over-charged with grief he chanced to fall into a troublesome dream, for after quiet sleep had closed up the closers of his Eyes, he dreamed that he saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea-side, offering to cast her Body into the Waves before she would return to Babylon, and that he beheld her Robed with an Army of Satyrs and Wild-men ready furnished with habiliments of War to pull him from his Throne, and to deprive him of his Kingdom.

One of this Vision he presently started from his Chair, as though it had been one frighted with a Legion of Spirits, and called some of the chief Barons of his Land to be sent for, to whom he committed the Government of his Country: certifying them that he intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at Memphis, thereby to qualify the fury of his Daughters Ghost, whom he dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except he sought by true Submission to appease the angry Powers, whom he had offended, he should be deposed from his Kingdom.

None could withhold him from his Determination, though it was to the prejudice of the whole Land: therefore within twenty Days he furnished himself with all necessaries, as well of Armour and Martial Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from Babylon privately and alone, not suffering any other (though many desired it humbly and very earnestly) to bear him company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after any Ceremonious Order, but like a Blood Hound searching Country after Country, Nation by Nation, and Kingdom by Kingdom, that after a barbarous manner he might be revenged upon his Daughter for her Disobedience; And as he travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderness, but he furiously entered, and diligently searched for his Angelica.

At last, by strange Fortune he hapned into Armenia, near unto the place whereas his Daughter had her residence, where after he had intelligence by the Commons of the Country, that she remained in an old ruined Building on the top of a Rock near at hand, without any more delay he travelled unto that place, at such a time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accustomed Hunting, where coming to the Gate and finding it lockt, he knockt thereunto furiously that he made the noise resound all the House over with the redoubling Echo.

When Angelica heard one knock, she came unto the Gate, and with all speed she did open it, where when she thought to embrace him

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thinking it to be her Lover) He saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden alteration he gave a great shriek, and ran with all the speed he could back thro' the Woods.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lion followed her, saying: It doth little avail thee Angelica to run away, for that thou shalt die by this revengeful hand, paying me with thy Death the Dishonour that my Crown hath received by thy Flight.

So he followed her till he came to the Chamber where her waiting-Maid Fidelia was, who likewise presently knew the King: upon whose wrathful countenance appeared the Image of pale Death, and fearing the harm that might happen unto her Lady, she put her self over her Ladies Body, and gave most terrible, loud and lamentable shrieks.

The King, who kindled in Wrath, and forgetting the natural love of a Father towards his Child, he laid hands upon his Sword, and said: It doth not profit thee Angelica, to rise from thy death, for thy death is such, that thou canst not escape from it: for here mine own arm shall be the killer of my own flesh, and I unnaturally hate that which nature it self commandeth me especially to love.

Then Angelica with a Countenance more red than Scarlet answered and said: Oh my Lord and Father, will you be now as cruel unto me, as you had wont to be kind and pitiful? Appease your Wrath, and withdraw your unmerciful Sword, and hearken unto this which I say, in discharging my self of that you charge me withal. You shall understand, my Lord and Father, that I was overcome and constrained by love, for to love, forgetting all fatherly Love and Duty towards your Majesty: yet for all that, having power to accomplish the same, it was not to your dishonour, in that I live honourably with my Husband: then the King (with a visage fraught with terrible ire) more like a Dragon in the Woods of Hircania, than a Man by nature, answered and said:

Thou viperous Bat, degenerate from Natures kind, thou wicked Traytor to thy generation: what reason hast thou to make this false excuse, when as thou hast committed a Crime that deserves more punishment than humane nature can inflict? And in saying these Words, he lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the heart, and to bath his Weapon in his own Daughters blood: Whereat Fidelia being present, gave a terrible shriek, and threw her self upon the Body of unhappy Angelica, offering her tender Breast to the fury of his sharp cutting Sword, only set at liberty her dear Lady and Mistress.

But when the furious King saw her in this sort make her defence,

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hence, he pulled her off by the hair of her Head, offering to trample her delicate Body under his feet, thereby to make a way, that he might execute his determined purpose without resistance of any.

Fidelia, when she saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lioness, she hung about his neck, and said: Thou Monstrous Murderer, more cruel than the mad Doggs in Egypt, why dost thou determine to slaughter the most chaste and loyallest Lady in the World, even she within whose lap untamed Lions will come and sleep.

Thou art thy self (I say) the occasion of all this evil, and thine only is the fault, for that thy self wert so malicious, and so full of mischief, that she durst not let thee understand of her Love.

These Words and Tears of Fidelia did little profit to mollifie the Kings heart, who rather like a wild Boar in the Wilderness being compassed about with a company of Doggs, most irascibly shook his Limbs, and threw Fidelia from him, in such sort, that he had almost dashed her Brains against the Chamber Walls, and with double Wrath he did proceed to execute his fury. Yet, for all this Fidelia with terrible shrieks sought to hinder him, till such time as with his cruel hand he thrust his Sword into her Ladies Breast, so that it appeared forth at her back, whereby her Soul was forced to leave her terrestrial habitation, and flie into the wide Air, after those which dyed for true loves sake.

Thus this unhappy Angelica when she was most at quiet, and content with her mean kind of Life, then Fortune turned her unconstant Wheel, and cast her from a glorious delight to sudden death.

The ireful King, when he beheld his Daughters blood sprinkled about the Chamber, and that by his own Hands it was committed, he repented himself of the Deed, and cursed the Hour wherein the first motion of such a Crime entered into his mind, wishing the hand that did it, ever after might be lame, and the heart that did contrive it, to be plagued with more extremities than was miserable Oedipus, or to be terrified with her Ghostly Spirit, as was the Macedonian Alexander with Clitus Shadow, whom he causlessly murdered.

In this manner the unfortunate King repented his Daughters bloody Tragedy, with this determination, not to stay till the Magician returned from his Hunting Exercise, but to exclude himself from the company of all Men, and to spend the remnant of his loathsome life among untamed Beasts in some wild Wilderness. Upon this resolution he departed the Chamber, and withal said:
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Farewel thou lifeless Body of my Angelica, and map thy blood which I have spilt, crave vengeance of the fates against my guilty Soul, for my Earthly Body shall endure a miserable punishment. Likewise at his departure, he writ upon the Chamber Walls these Verses following, with his Daughters Blood.

Now unto Hills, to Dales, to Rocks, to Caves I go,
To spend my Days in Shame, in Sorrow, Grief, and Woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) used such violent fury against her self, both by rending the golden Tresses of her Hair, and tearing her Rose-coloured Face with her furious Nails, that she rather kindled an infernal Fury, subject to Wrath, than any Earthly Creature furnished with Clemency: she laid open Angelica's Body, wiping her bleeding Bosom with a Damask Scarf, which she pulled from her Waist, and baring her dead Body in luke-warm Tears, which forcibly ran down from her Eyes like an overflowing Fountain.

In this woful manner spent the sorrowful Fidelia that unhappy day, till bright Phoebus went into the Western Parts: at which time the Physician returned from his accustomed Hunting, and finding the Door open, he entered into Angelica's Chamber, where when he found her Body weltering in congealed Blood, and beheld how Fidelia sat weeping over her bleeding Wounds, he cursed himself, for that he accounted his negligence the occasion of her Death, in that he had not left her in more safety. But when Fidelia had certified him, how that by the hands of her own Father she was slaughtered, he began like a Frantick Tyrant to rage against black Destiny; and to fill the Air with terrible Exclamations.

Oh cruel Murderer! (said he,) crept from the Womb of some untamed Tyger: I will be forevenge'd upon thee, O unnatural King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy misery.

And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt endure like punishment, in that thy accursed Tongue hath bruited this fatal Deed unto my Ears, the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it.

For I will cast such deserved vengeance upon your Heads, and place your Bodies in such continual Torments, that you shall lament my Ladies Death, leaving alive the Fame of her with your Lamentations.

And in saying these Words, he drew a Book out of his Bosom, and in reading certain charms, and Enchantments, that were therein contained, he n a great and very black Cloud appear in the skies,

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skies, which was brought by terrible and hasty winds, in the which he took them up both, and brought them into the Enchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this Tomb cruelly tormented with unquenchable Fire, and must for ever continue in the same extremity, except some courteous Knight will vouchsafe to give but three blows upon the Tomb, and break the Enchantment.

Thus have you heard you magnanimous Knight, the true discourse of my unhappy Fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true love she bore unto her Lady, was committed to this torment as my self, and this pale Body lying upon the Tomb, is the unhappy Babylonian King which unnaturally murdered his own Daughter: and the Magician which committed all these villanies, is that accursed wretch which by his Charms and Debilish Enchantments hath so strongly withstood your Encounters.

These Words were no sooner finished, but Saint George drew out his sharp curving Sword, and gave three blows upon the Enchanted Tomb, whereat presently appeared the Babylonian King standing before him, attired in rich Robes, with an Imperial Diadem upon his Head, and that Lady standing by him, with a countenance more beautiful than the Damask Rose.

When Saint George beheld them, he was not able to speak for joy, nor to alter his mind, so exceeding was the pleasure, that he took in their sights, so without any long circumstance he took them between both his hands, and led them into the Chamber, whereas he found the other Knights newly risen from their Beds. To whom he revealed the true discourse of the passed Adventure, and by what means he redeemed the King and Lady from their Enchantments; which to them was as great joy as before it was to Saint George.

So, after they had for some six days refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the Babylonian King into his Country, and to place him again in his Regiment.

In which Travell we will leave the Christian Knights to the conduct of Fortune, and return again to Rolana, who (as you heard before) departed from the Castle in the pursuit of her disloyal Father: of whose strange Accidents shall be spoken in this following Chapter.

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CHAP. XII.

How the Knight of the Black Castle after Conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandered up and down the World in great terror of Conscience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his own Daughter, in whose presence he desperately slew himself, with other accidents that after hapned.

YOU do well remember when that the Christian Champions had slain the seven Giants in the Enchanted Castle, and had made conquest thereof, disloyal Leoger, being Lord of the same, secretly fled, not for anger of the loss, but for the preservation of his life. So in grief and terrour of Conscience he wandered like a fugitive up and down the World; sometimes remembering of his passed prosperity, other times thinking upon the Rapes he had committed, how disloyally in former times he had left the Queen of Armenia with Child, bearing in her Womb the stain of Honour, and the confusion of her reputation. Sometimes his guilty Mind imagined that the bleeding Ghosts of the two Sisters (whom he both ravished and murdered) followed him up and down, haunting his ghost with fearful Exclamations, and filling each corner of the earth with clamours of Revengement.

Such fear and terror raged in his Soul, that he thought all places where he travelled, were filled with multitudes of Knights, and that the strength of Countreies pursued him to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wronged Ladies.

Whereby he cursed the hour of his Birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his Body with a fire, or that the Earth would gape and swallow him.

In this manner he travelled up and down, filling all places with Echoes of his Sorrows and Grief, which brought him into such a perplexity, that many times he would have slain himself, and have rid his wretched Soul from a world of Miseries.

But it hapned that one morning very early, by the first light of Titans golden Torch, he entered into a narrow and straight Path, which conducted him into a deep thicket and solitary a Forrest, where, in with much sorrow he travelled all such time as glistering Phœbus had passed the half part of his journey.

And being weary with the long way and the great weight of his Armour, he was forced to take some rest and ease under certain fresh green Myrtle Trees, whose large leaves did shadow a very fair

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and clear Fountain, whose stream made a bubbling murmur on the
Pebbles.

Being set, he began anew to have in remembrance his former
committed Cruelty, and complaining of fortune, he thus publish-
ed his great grief: and although he was weary of complaining, yet
being himself without all remedy, he resolved like unto the Swain
to sing a while before his death: and so thinking to give some ease
unto his tormented heart, he warbled forth these Verses following:

Mournful Melpomene approach with speed,

And shew thy sacred Face with tears besprent
Let all thy Sisters Hearts with sorrow bleed;
To hear my Plaints and full discontent,
And with your moans sweet Muses all assist
My mournfull Song that doth of woe consist.

That so I may at large paint out my pain,
Within these Desert Groves and Wilderness:
And after I have ended to complain,
They may record my woes and deep distress:
Except these Myrtle Trees relentless be,
They will with sobs assist the sighs of me.

Time wears out life, it is reported so,
And so it may, I will it not deny:
Yet have I tryd so long and this do know,
Time gives no end to this my misery:
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fate agree,
To Plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Sylvan Nymphs that in these Woods do shrowd,
To you my mournful sorrows I declare,
You Savage Satyrs, let your ears be bow'd,
To hear my woe your nimble Selves prepare:
Trees, Herbs, and Flowers in Rural Fields that grow,
While thus I mourn, do you some silence show.

Sweet Philomel, cease thou thy song a while,
And will thy Mates their Melodies to leave:
And all at once attend my mournful stile,
Which will of mirth your sugred notes bereave:
If you desire the burthen of my Song,
I sigh and sob cause Ladies I did wrong.

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You furious Beasts that feed on Mountains high,
And restless run with rage your Prey to find,
Draw near to him, whose brutish cruelty
Hath crop't the bud of Virgins chaste and kind:
The only thing yet left to comfort me,
Repentance comes a while before I die.

Since all agree for to increase my care,
What hope have I for to enjoy delight;
Sith Fates and Fortune do themselves prepare
To work against my soul their full delight,
I know no means to yield my heart relief,
Tis only death which can dissolve my grief.

I muse, and may, my sorrows being such,
That my poor Heart can't longer life sustain,
Sith daily I do find my grief so much,
As every day I feel a dying Pain,
But alas, I live afflicted still,
And have no hope to heal me of my ill.

When as I think upon my Pleasure past,
Now turn'd to Pain, it makes me rue my state;
And since my joy with woe is over-cast,
O death give end to my unhappy fate.
For only death will lasting life provide,
Where living thus I sundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that hear my mournful Song,
And tasted have the grief that I sustain,
All lustful Ravishers that have done wrong,
With tear fill'd eyes assist me to complain,
All that have being do my being hate,
Crying hast, hast, this Wretches dying state.

This sorrowful Song being done, he laid himself all along upon the green grass, closing up the closings of his eyes in hope to repose himself in a quiet sleep, and to abandon all discontented thoughts in which silent contemplations he will trade him for a while, and return to Rosana the Queens Daughter of Armenia, that bold Armenian

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Lorian Lady, whom you remember likewise departed from the
 Black Castle (clad with Enchanted Armour) in the pursuit of her
 Woful Father whom she never in her life beheld. This courteous
 Lady to perform her Mothers Will travelled up and down strange
 Countries with many a weary day, yet never could she meet with
 her unkind Father, unto whom she was commanded to write
 her Mothers Letter, neither could she here in any place where she
 came, where she might go to seek him. In which travel she met
 with strange Adventures, which with great honour to her Fame
 she finished, yet still she wandered o'er Hills and Dales, Woods
 and Valleys, and through many solitary Woods, till at last
 she hapned by fortune into the Wildernesses, whereas this discontented
 Knight lay sleeping upon the green grass, near to which place
 his wife reposed her self under the branches of a Cedar Tree,
 waiting to take some rest after her long travel.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard
 towards her left hand a very dolorous groan, as it were of some
 sorrowful Knight, which was so terrible, heavy and bitter, that it
 made her to give an attentive ear unto the sound, and to see if she
 could hear and understand what it should be.

So with making the least noise that she could possibly, she arose
 up, and went toward the place, whereas she might see who it was,
 and there she beheld a Knight very well armed, lying upon the green
 grass, under a certain fair and green Myrtle Tree, his Armour was
 all Rust, and full of bars of Black Steel, which seemed to be a very
 sorrowful, and heavy Chastelling, agreeable to the inward sad-
 ness of his heart.

He was somewhat of a big stature of body, and well proportioned,
 yet seemed by his disposition to be in his heart great grief: where-
 after she had a while stood in secret, beholding his sorrowful com-
 plement in woful manner, he ruminated his restless body upon the green
 grass, with a sad and heavy look he breathed forth this lamentation.
 Oh heavy and perverse Fortune (said he) why dost thou content
 me I to witte and cruel a wretch do breath to long upon the Earth,
 upon whose wicked head the Golden Sun disdains to shine, and
 the glittering Elements deny their cheerful lights.

Oh that some ravenous Harpy would welter from his Den, and
 make his bowels my fatal Tomb, or that my eyes were
 sealed, like the miserable King of Thebes, that I never might
 behold this Earth, whereon I have long lived and committed
 many cruelties.

I am confounded with the curse of sad mischance for wronging

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that Maiden Queen of Armenia, in the Spoil of whose Virginity I made a triumphant Conquest.

O Leoger, Leoger, What fury did induce thee to commit Toge-
sin, leading her stained with thy Fall, and dishonoured by the di-
loyalty? O cruel, and without Faith, thou wert nursed with some
unkindly milk of Tygers, and born into the World for thine own
torment. Where was thine Understanding when thou looked
that gracious Princess, who not only yielded to thee her Liberty,
Love, and Honour, but therewith a Kingdom and a golden Diadem:
and therefore woe unto me Traytor, and more woes fall upon my
Soul than there be hairs upon my head, and may the sorrows of old
Priam be my last punishment.

What doth it profit me to fill the Air with Lamentations, when
that the Crime is already past, without all remedy or hope of comfort:
this being said, he gave a grievous and terrible sigh, and so had
his peace.

Rosana by those heavy and sorrowful Lamentations, together with
his Reasons which he heard, knew him to be her disloyal Father,
whom she had so long travelled after to find out: but when she re-
membered how that his unfaithfulness and unkindness was the death
of her Mother, her heart endured such extreme pain and sorrow,
that she was constrained (without any feeling) to fall down to the
ground.

But yet her courageous heart could not remain long in that po-
sition, but straightways she rose up again upon her feet, with a de-
sire to perform her Mothers Will, but yet not intending to dis-
rober her Name, nor to reveal unto him that she was his Daugh-
ter. So with this thought and determination, she went unto the
place where Leoger was, who when he heard the noise of her coming,
straight ways started upon his feet.

Then Rosana did salute him with a voice somewhat heavy, and
Leoger did return his salutations with no less shew of grace.

Then the Amazonian Lady took forth the Letter from her hand
Break, where so long time she had kept it, and she delibered it in
his hands, and said:

Is it that thou art that forgetful and disloyal Knight, which
left the unfortunate Queen of Armenia (with so great pain and sor-
row) big with child among those unmerciful Tyrants her Country-
Men, which banished her out of her Country in revenge of the
committed Crime, where ever since she hath been companion with
Wild Beasts, that in their natures have lamented her Banish-
ment.

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Leoger, when he heard her say these Words, began to behold her, and although his eyes were all to be blubbied and weary of weeping, yet he most earnestly gazed in her face, and answered her in this manner:

I will not deny to thee gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very clouds do blush at, and the low earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same Knight whom thou hast demanded after, tell me therefore what is thy Will.

My Will is, said she, thou most ungrateful Knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last Word of the white hand of the unhappy Armenian Queen.

At which Words the Knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in mind, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his Soul from his Body, and therewithal putting forth his hand somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set himself down very sorrowful upon the green grass, without any power to the contrary, his grief so abounded the bounds of reason.

So sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the hands of his wronged Lady, the Armenian Queen, and with great alteration both of heart and mind he read the sorrowful Lines, which contained these Words following:

The Queen of Armenia her Letter.

TO thee thou disloyal Knight of the Black Castle, the unfortunate Queen of Armenia can neither send nor wish salutations: for having no health, my self, I cannot send it unto him whose cruel mind hath quite forgotten my true love: I cannot but lament continually, yea and complain unto my Fates incessantly, considering that my fortune is converted from a Crowned Queen to a miserable and banished Caitiff; whereas savage Beasts are my chief Companions, and the mournful Birds my best Solicitors. Oh Leoger, Leoger, why didst thou leave me comfortless without all cause, as did Eneas his unfortunate Wido? what second love hath bereaved me of thy sight, and made thee forget her that ever shall remember thee? O Leoger, remember the day when first I saw thy face; which day be fatal evermore, and counted for a dismal day in time to come, both heavy, black, and full of foul mischances for it was unhappy unto me, for in giving thee joy, I bereaved my self of all, and lost the Possession of my liberty and honour, although thou hast not esteemed nor took care of my sorrowful Fortunes, yet thou shouldst not have mockt my perfect love, and disdained the fervent affection that I have born thee, in that I have yielded to thee that pre-

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ious Jewel, the which she had denyed to many a Noble King: O love, cruel and pitiful love, that so quickly didst make me blind, and deprived me of the knowledge that belonged to my Royal Highness! Oh uncourteous Knight, being blinded with thy Love: the Queen of Armenia stained her honesty, which she ought to have kept, and preserved it from the biting canker of dissoluit Love: Hadst thou pretended to mock me, thou shouldst not have suffered me to have lost so much, as I did, for thy sake.

Tell me, why didst thou not suffer me to execute my Will, that I might have opened my white Breast with a piercing Sword, and sent my soul to shady Banks of sweet *Elisium*? Then had it been better for me to have dyed, than to live still and daily die.

Remember thy self *Leoger*, and behold the harm that will come hereof, have a care to the Pain which thou hast sealed in my Womb, and let it be an occasion that thou mayst (after all thy violent Wrongs) return to see me sleeping in my Tomb, that my Child may not remain Fatherless in the Power of Wild Beasts, whose hearts be fraughted with nothing but cruelty. Do not consent that the perfect love which I bear thee should be counted vain, but rather perform the Promise which thou hast made to me.

Oh unkind *Leoger*, O cruel and hard heart! is falsehood the firm love that so ungraciously thou didst profess to me? What is he that hath been more unmerciful than thou hast been? There is no ferocious Beast in lurking Lyon in the Deserts of *Libia*, whose merciless paws are all besmeared with blood, that is so cruelly hearted as thy self, else wouldst thou not leave me comfortless, spending my days in solitary Woods; whereas *Tigers* mourn at my distresses, and the chirping Birds in their kinds, grieve at my lamentations: the unreasonable torments and sorrows of my soul are so many, that if my Pen were made of *Liber* Steel, and my Ink the purple Ocean, yet could I not write the number of my Woes.

But now I determine to advertise thee of my desired Death, for in writing this my last Testament, the Fates are cutting asunder my Thread of life, and I can give thee knowledge of no more: but yet I desire thee by the true love which I bear thee, that thou wilt read with sorrow these few lines, and now bidst the Destinies that thou mayst die the death that for thee I now do, and so read,

By her which bid yield unto the her Life,

Love, Honour, Name, and Liberty.

When this sad and heavy Knight had made an end of reading this dolorous Letter, he could not restrain his Eyes from distilling

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With his fast tears, so great was the grief that his heart sustains :
 Rosana did likewise bear him company to solemnize his heaviness,
 with as many tears trickling from the conduits of her Eyes.

The great sorrow and lamentation was such, and so much in both
 their hearts, that for a great space the one could not speak unto the
 other : but afterwards their griefs being somewhat extenuated,
 Leoger began to say :

O Messenger from her, with the remembrance of whose wrong
 my heart is wounded, being unmercifully of me evil rewarded : tell
 me (even by the nature of true love) if thou dost know where she is :
 shew unto me her abiding place, that I may go thither, and give a
 discharge of this my great fault by yielding up my Deary.

O cruel and without love (said Rosana) What discharge
 canst thou give unto her that already (though thy Cruelty) is dead
 and buried, only by the occasion of such a cowardly Knight ?

This penitent and grieved Knight, when he understood the cer-
 tainty of her Deary, with a sudden and hasty fury he struck himself
 on the Breast with his ill, and lifting his Eyes unto the Clouds, in
 manner of Exclamation against the Fates, giving day and night
 sighs, he threw himself to the ground : tumbling and wallow-
 ing from one side unto the other, without taking any ease, or
 having any power or strength to declare the inward grief which at
 that time he felt. but with lamentation, which did torment his heart,
 he called continually on the Armenian Queen, and in that Devilish
 fury wherein he was, drew out his Dagger, and lifting up the skirt
 of his shirt of Mail, he thrust it into his Body, and giving himself
 this unhappy death (with calling upon his wronged Lady) he finish-
 ed his life, and fell to the ground.

This sad and heavy Lady when she beheld him so desperately to
 give his Martial Breast, and to fall lifeless to the Earth, she great-
 ly repented her self, that she had not discovered her Name, and re-
 vealed to him how that she was his unfortunate Daughter, whose
 face before that time he had never beheld, and as a Lion (though
 all while) who seeing before her Eyes a young Lions evil intent-
 ed of the Hunter, even so she ran unto her murdered Father, and
 with great speed pulled off his Helmet from his wounded head, and
 embraced his Armour, the which was in colour according to his pass-
 ion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Magick Art.

Also she took away his Shield which had on it a Buller flag,
 and in the midst thereof was portrayed the Head of Aode with two
 faces, the one was very fair and bound with a cloth about his eyes,
 and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious.

This

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This being done with a fair linnen cloath she wiped off the blood from his wounded Body.

And when she was certaint that it was he after whom she had travelled so many days, and that he was without life, with a furious madness she tore her Apron from her Head, and all to rent her golden hair, tearing it in pieces, and then returned again and wiped his bleeding Body, making such sorrowfull lamentation, that whosoever had seen her, would have been moved to compassion.

Then she took his Head betwixt her hands, trying to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but crying for all this, that there was no moving him, she joined her face unto his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowfull Words she said:

Dear Father, open thine eyes and behold me, open thine sweet Father, and look upon me thy beloved Daughter. If fortune be so favourable, let me receive some contentment whilst Life remaineth: Oh strengthen thy self to look upon me, wherein such delight may come to me, that we may one accompany the other.

Oh my Lord and only Father, seeing that in former times my unfortunare Mothers tears were not sufficient to reclaim thee, make me satisfaction for the great trouble which I have taken in seeking thee out.

Come now in death and joy in the sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and die not without kissing her: open thine eyes that she may gratifie thee in dying with thee.

This being said, Rolana began again to wipe his Body, for that it was again all to be bathed in blood: & with her white hands she felt his eyes and mouth, and all his face and Head, all such time as she touched his Breast, and put her hand on the mortall wound, where she held it still, and looked upon him whether he moved or no.

But when she felt him without sense or feeling, she began anew to complain, and crying out with most terrible Exclamations, she said:

Oh my hapless Father, how many Troubles and great Travels hath thy Daughter passed in seeking thee, wading the Earth with her Tears, and always in vain calling for thee? Oh how many times in naming thy name hath she been answered with an Echo, which was unto her great dolor and grief? And now that Fortune hath brought her where thou art, to rejoyce her self in thy presence, the same Fortune hath converted her wishes into grief and desolour. O cruel and unconstant Queen of Chance, harsh Rolana desired this, to be most afflicted when she expected some joy? O Leeger, if ever thou wilt open thine eyes, now open them, or let the glaucous

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mine be closed eternally.

Herewith he perceived his dim eyes to open, and his senses now a little gathered together: and when he saw himself in her Arms, and understood by her Words, that she was his Daughter, whom he had by the unfortunate Queen of Armenia, he suddenly strove against Weakness, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his yielding Arms about the milk-white neck of the fair Rosana, and they joined their Faces the one with the other, distilling betwixt them many salt and bitter Tears, in such sort that it would have moved the very wild Beasts unto compassion: and then with a feeble and weak voice the wounded Knight said:

O my Daughter, unfortunate by my Disloyalty, let me recreate and comfort my self, in enjoying this thy mouth, the time that I shall remain alive, and before my Soul doth depart the company of my dying Body: I do confess that I have been pitiless unto thy Mother, and unkind to thee, in making thee to travel with great sorrow in seeking me, and now thou hast found me, I must leave thee alone in this sorrowful place with my dead Body pale and wan, yet before my dear sweet Girl give me some few gentle kisses: this only delight I crave for the little time I have to tarry, and afterwards I desire thee to intomb my Body in thy Mothers Grave, though it be far in distance from this unlucky Country.

O my dear Lord (answered she) do you request me to give your Body a Sepulchre? I think it more requisite to seek some to give it unto us both: for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates deprive me of your living company. And without strength to proceed any further in Speeches, she kissed his face with many sobbings and sighs, and having within her self a terrible conflict, she tarried for the answer of her dying Father, who with pain and great anguish of Death, said:

O my Child, how happy should I be, that thus embracing one in anothers Arms, we might depart together: then should I be joyful in thy company, and account my self happy in my death: but alas, I must leave thee unto the World. Daughter farewell, good Fortune preserve thee, and for ever may she take thee into her Favour. And when he had said these Words, inclining his neck upon the face of Rosana, he dyed.

When this sorrowful Lady saw that the Soul had got the victory, and departed from the Body, she kissed his pale lips; and giving deep and dolorous sighs, she began a marvellous and most heavy lamentation, calling her self unhappy and unfortunate, and laid her self upon the dead Body, curling her destinies, so that it was lamentable to hear.

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O my dear Father (said she) what small benefit have I receiv'd for all my travel and pain, the which I have suffered in seeking thee, and now in the finding of thee, the more is my grief, for that I came to see thee die? O most unhappy that I am, where was my mind when I saw that fatal Dagger pierce thy tender Breast? Whereon was my Thought? Wherefore did I rashly kill, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatal Blow?

If my strength would not have serv'd me, yet at the least I should then have born thee company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your dens and deep Caves, where are you now? Why do you not come and take pity upon my Grief in taking away my life? doing so you shew your selves pitiful, for that I do abhor this dolorous Life.

Yet all this while she did not forget the promise that she made him, which was to give his Body burial in her Mothers Tomb: which was the occasion that she did somewhat cease her lamentation, and taking unto her self more courage than her sorrowful grief would consent unto, she put the dead Body under a broad branched Vine-apple Tree, and covered it with leaves and green grass, and withal hung his Armour upon the boughs, in hope, that the sight thereof would cause some adventurous Knight to approach her presence, that in kindness would assist her to intomb him. This done, here we will leave Rosana weeping over her Fathers Body, and speak of the Necromancer after his flight from the Black Castle.

C H A P. XIII.

How the Magician found Leogers Armour hanging upon a Pine Tree, kept by Rosana the Queens Daughter of Armenia, betwixt whom hapned a terrible Battel: also of the desperate Death of the Lady: and after, how the Magician framed by Magick Art an Enchanted Sepulchre, wherein he inclosed himself from the sight of all humane Creatures.

I Am sure you do well remember, when the Christian Knights had conquered the Black Castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious Necromancer to preserve his life, fled from the same, carried by his Art through the Air in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons: in which charmed Chariot, he crossed over many parts and plains of the Eastern Climates.

At last, being weary of his Journey, he put himself into the thickest of a Forrest, wherein travelling with his whirling Dragons,

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gans, he never rested till he came unto a mighty and broad River, the which seemed to be an arm of the Marble-coloured Ocean: there he alighted from his Chariot for to refresh himself, and took Water with his hands and drunk thereof, and washed his face; and as he found himself all alone, there came into his mind many thoughts of his forepassed life, and how he was vanquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger he gave terrible sighs, and began to curse not only the hour of his Birth, but the whole World, and all the generations of Mankind.

Likewise he remembered the great sorrow and travel that he ever since had indured, and what toil travelling Knights do endure: In these variable cogitations spent he the time away till golden Phœbus began to withdraw himself into his accustomed Lodging, to hide his light in the Occidental parts, and therewith drew on the dark and renebrous Night, which was the occasion that his pain did the more encrease: all that Night he passed away with such sorrowful lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountains did resound his woful Exclamations, till that Sol with his glittering Beams began again to recover the Earth.

The which being seen by the Magician, with a trice he arose up, and intending to prosecute his Journey, but lifting up his eyes towards the Elements, he discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Pine-apple Tree the Armour of Leoger.

This Armour was hung there by Rosana, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wonted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of rain that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed of a great value and of a wonderful richness: so without any further circumspection or regard, he took down the Knights Armour, and armed himself therewith, and when he had lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, he heard a voice that said: Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undo this Trophie, except thou prepare thy self to win it by the Sword.

The Magician at this unexpected Noise, cast his Head on the one side, and clapped Rosana newly awaked from a heavy sleep most richly Armed with a strong Enchanted Armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that, he did not let to make an end of adorning himself, and having laced on his Burgonet, he went towards the Demander with his Sword ready drawn in his hand, abiding her to a mortal Battle.

Rosana, who saw his determination, did provide to defend her self, and offend her Enemy.

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O my Muse! that I had but learned Eloquence to set out and declare the noble Encounters of these two Gallant Warriours: Rosana though she was but a Feminine by nature, yet was she as bold in Heroical Adventures as any Knight in the World, except the invincible Christian Champions.

But now return we to our History. The valiant Amazonian when her Enemy came unto her, he struck him so terrible a blow upon the visor of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof she made sparkles of fire to issue out with great abundance, and forced him to bow his head unto his Breast.

The Magician did return unto her his salutation, and struck her such a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noise thereof, it made a sound in all the Mountains. And so began between them a marvellous and fearful Battel. Fortune not willing to use her utmost extremity, enclined the scale to neither party, nor as yet gave the Conquest to any, all the time of the Contest, the furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on no other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, striking each at other such terrible blows, and with so great fury, that many times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the great force one of another, were marvellously incensed with anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her back, that with more force she might strike and hurt her Enemy, and therewithal gave him so strong a blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite astonished to the Earth without any feeling.

But when the Magician came again to himself, he returned Rosana such a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her head in pieces, but with great discretion she cleared her Head in such sort, that it was stricken in vain, and with great lightness she retired, and struck the Magician so furiously, that he made him once again to fall to the ground all astonished, and there appeared at the visor of his Helmet, great abundance of Blood that issued out of his mouth: but presently he revived and got up in a trice, with so great anger, that the smoke which came from his mouth seemed like a mill before his Helmet, so that almost it could not be seen.

Then this furious Devil (blaspheming against his hard hap) having his sharp Sword very fast in his hand, ran towards his enemy, who (without any fear of his fury) went forth to receive him: and when they met together, they discharged their blows at once: but it fortuned that the Amazonians Blow did first fasten, with so great strength, that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which

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which was wrought of the strongest Steel. It was not sufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bended in such sort that it brake into pieces: and the Magicians head was so grievously wounded, that streams of blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced for want of strength to yield to the mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his request, upon this condition, that he would be a means to convey her Fathers dead Body to an Island near adjoining to the Borders of Armenia, and there to Intomb it in her Mothers Grave, as she promised when that his Art of life steered from his body.

The Magician for safeguard of his life, presently agreed to perform her Desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

Then presently by his Art he prepared his Iron Charriot with his flying Dragons in a readines; wherein he laid the murdered Body of Leoger upon a pillow of Myfteroe, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entred, with necessities belonging to their Travels, but they fled thorow the Air more swift than a Whirl-wind, or a Ship sailing on the Seas in a stormy tempest.

The Wonders that he performed by the way, be so many and miraculous, that I want an Orators Eloquence to describe them, and a Poets skill to expresse them.

But to be short, when Rosana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger encreased, by his Charms he would procure Birds (of their own accord) to fall out of the Skies, and yield themselves unto their pleasure, with all things necessary to suffice their wants.

Thus Rosana with her Fathers dead Body, carryed through the air by Magick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, Woods and Forrests, Towns and Cities, and through many both wonderful and strange Places and Countreies.

And at last, they arrived near unto the Confines of Armenia, being the place of their long desired rest. But when they approached near unto the Queen of Armenia's Grave, they descended from their Enchanted Chariot, and bore Leoger's body to his burying place, whither they found (since Rosana departed) overgrown with Hols and withered Brambles: Yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and laid his Body (yet freshly bleeding) upon his Lays consumed Carcass: which being done, the Magician covered the Grave again with earth, and laid thereon green Turfs, which made it seem as though it never had been opened.

All the time that the Magician was performing the Ceremonious

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ous Funeral, Rosana watered the Earth with her Tears, never withdrawing her Eyes from looking upon the Grave: and when it was finished, she fell into a sorrowful lamentation, following:

Oh cruel Destinies (said she) sith your rigours have bereaved me of both my Parents, and left me to the World a comfortless Orphan, receive the Sacrifice to my Chastity, in payment of your Vengeance, and let my blood here shed upon this Grave, shew the singleness of my heart. And with the like solemnity may all their hearts be broken in pieces, that seek the downfall and dishonour of Ladies.

As she was uttering these and the like sorrows, she took forth a naked Sword which she had ready for the same effect, and putting the Pommel to the ground, cast her Breast upon the point. The which she did with such furious violence and exceeding haste, that the Magician although he was there present, could not succour her nor prevent her from committing on her self so bloody a Fact.

This sudden mischance so amazed him, and so grieved his Soul that his Heart (for a time) would not consent that his Tongue should speak one word to express his Passion. But at last (having taken truce with Sorrow, and recovering his former Speech,) he took up the dead Body of Rosana, bared all in Blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave: and over the same hung an Epitaph that did declare the occasion of all their Deaths.

This being done, to express the sorrows of his heart for the desperate Death of such a magnanimous Lady, and the rather to exempt himself from the company of all humane creatures, he erected over the Grave, by Magick Art, a very stately Tomb, which was in this order framed: First, there were fixed four Pillars, every one of a very fine Rubie: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Crystal: within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two fair Ladies; the one having her breast pierced thorow with a Sword, and the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and so lean of body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Cosslet of fine Steel, of a russet Enamelling: under the Sepulchre there was spread abroad a great Carpet of Gold and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepherd and his Sheep-hook lying at his feet; his eyes were shut, and out of them were distilled many pearled tears: at either Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely feature, the one of them seemed to be murdered, and the other ravished,

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And near unto the Sepulchre, there lay a terrible great Beast, framed like a Lion, his Breast and Body like a Wolf, and his tail like a Scorpion: which seemed to spit continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with four Gates for to enter in thereat: the Gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamonds: and directly ober the top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, whereon hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow:

So long shall breathe upon this brittle Earth
The Framers of this stately Monument,
Till that three Children of a wondrous Birth
Out of a Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his Name, as Fates agree,
And by his fall the Fiends shall tamed be.

This Monument was no sooner framed by the assistance of Pluto's Legions, and maintained by their Devilish Powers, but the Perromancer inclosed himself within the Walls, where he consoled chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed upon his blood, and left their damnable seals sticking upon his left side, as a sure token and witness that he had given both his Soul and Body to their Governments after the date of his mortal Life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre we will leave him for a time conferring with his damnable Hates, and return to the Christian Knights, where we left them travelling towards Babylon, to place the King again in his Kingdom.

CHAP. XIV.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom: and after how honourably they were received at Rome, where Saint George fell in love with the Emperors Daughter, being a professed Nun: of the mischief that ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young Lucius Prince of Rome.

THE valiant Christian Champions, having as you heard in the Chapter going before, performed the Adventure of the Enchanted Monument, accompanied the Babylonian King to his Kingdom of Assyria, as they had all solemnly promised him.

But

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But when they approached the Confiners of Babylon, and made in question of peaceful and Princely entertainment, there was neither sign of peace nor likelihood of joyful and friendly Welcome, for all the Country raged with intestine War, four several Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnatural Causers and Stirrers up to this Blood-devouring Controverſie, were four Noble men, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of his Realm, when he went in the Tragical pursuit of his fair Daughter, after his dreamed illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her Death. And the breaking out into this hurlyburly grew first to head in this manner following:

Two years after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the publick State in great peace, and with prudent Policy, till after no tidings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Messengers as were into every quarter of the World sent to enquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each striving to wrest into his hand the sole possession of the Babylonian Kingdom.

To this end, they all made several Friends: for this had they contended in many fights; and now lastly, they intended to set all their hopes upon this main chance of War, intending to fight till three left, and one remained Victorious over the rest: whose Head should be beautified with a Crown.

But so Traytors and Treason the end is sudden and shameful, for no sooner had S. George (placing himself between the Barrels) in a brief Oracion shewed the Adventures of the King, and he himself to the People discovered his reverend face, but they all shouted for joy, and hauling the Usurpers presently to Death, they re-installed him in his ancient Dignity, their true, lawful, and long-lost King.

The King being thus restored, married Fidelia for her faithfulness; and after the Nuptial feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of S. Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperor spared no cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertain those never-daunted Knights, the famous Wonders of Christendom.

At that time of the year when the Summers Queen had beautified the Earth with interchangable Ornaments; S. George (in company of the Emperor with the rest of the Champions, chanced to walk along by the side of the River Tybur, to delight themselves with the pleasant Heads, and beautiful prospect of the Country.

Be

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Before they had walked half a mile from the City, they approached unto an ancient Nunnery, which was very fair and of a stately Building, and likewise encompassed about with Chypsal streams and many green Meadows, furnished with all manner of beautiful Trees and fragrant Flowers.

This Nunnery was consecrated to Diana the Queen of Chastity, and none were suffered to live therein, but such chaste Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single Life, and to keep their Virginities for ever unsported.

In this place the Emperors only Daughter lived as a professed Nun, and exempted her self from all company, except it were the fellowship of chaste and religious Virgins.

This virtuous Lucina (for so was she called) having intelligence before, by the Overseers of the Nunnery, how that the Emperor her Father with many other Knights, were coming to visit their Religious Habitation, against their approach she attired her self in a Gown of white Satin, all laid over with gold Lace, having also her golden locks of Hair somewhat laid forth. And upon her head was knit a Garland of sweet smelling Flowers, which made her seem like some Celestial or Divine Creature.

Her beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the heart of Cupid, and her bravery exceeded the Paphian Queens. Never could nature with all her cunning, stream more beauty in any one Creature, than was upon her Face: nor never could the flattering Sprems more beguile the Traveller, than did her bright countenance enchant the English Champion: for at his first entrance into the Nunnery, he was so ravished with her sight, that he was not able to withdraw his eyes from her beauty, but stood gazing upon her rosie coloured Cheeks, like one bewitched with Medusa's shadow. And to be short, her beauty seemed so Angelical, and the burning flames of love so fired his heart, that he must either enjoy her company, or give end to his life by some untimely means.

Saint George being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, disembled his grief, and revealed it not to any one, but departed with the Emperor back again to the City, leaving his heart behind him, closed in the stony Monastery with his lovely Lucina.

All that ensuing night he could not enjoy the benefit of sleep, but did contemplate upon the Divine Beauty of his Lady, and fraughted his mind with a thousand feverish cogitations how he might attain to the lady, being a chaste Virgin and a professed Nun.

In this manner spent he away the night, and no sooner appeared

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appeared the mornings brightness in at the Chamber Window, but he arose from his restless Bed, and arrayed himself in Matchless Uelber, to signify his true Love, and wandred all alone unto the Monastery, where he revealed his deep affection unto the Lady, who was as far from granting to his Request, as the Skies from the Earth, or the deepest Seas the highest Elements: for she protested while life remained within her Body, never to yield her Love in the way of Marriage to any one, but to remain a pure Virgin, and of Diana's Train.

No other resolution could Saint George get of the chaste Nun, which caused him to part in great discontent, intending to seek by some other means to obtain her love, so coming to the rest of the Christian Champions, he revealed to them the truth of all things that had hapned: who in this manner counselled him, that he should provide a multitude of Armed Knights, every one bearing in their hands a Sword ready drawn, and to enter the Monastery at such time as the little mistrusted, and first with Promises and fair and kind Speeches to seek her love, but if she yielded not, to fill her ears with cruel threatenings, protesting that if she will not grant to require his love with like Affections, he would not leave one Stone of that Monastery standing upon another, and likewise make her a bloody offering up to Diana.

This Policy liked well Saint George, though he intended not to prosecute such Cruelty: so the next morning by break of day he went unto the Punnery in company of no other but the Christian Champions, armed in bright Armour, with their glittering Swords ready drawn, which they carryed under their side Cloaks to prevent suspicion.

But when they came to the Monastery, and had entered into the Chamber of Lucia (whom they found kneeling upon the bare ground at her Ceremonious Prayers) Saint George first proffered her kindness by fair Promises, but finding that thereby he nothing prevailed, he then made known his pretended unmerciful Purpose, and thereupon all of them shaking their bright Swords against her veruious Brast, they protested (though contrary to their intents) that except she would yield to Saint George her unconquered Love, they would bathe their Weapons in her dearest Blood.

At which Words the distressed Virgin being overwhelmed with fear, sunk down presently to the ground, and lay for a time senseless. At length, when she recovered her self, she lifted up her Angelical face, shrouded under a cloud of pale sorrow, and in this manner declared her situation:

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Most Renowned and well approved Knight (said she) it is as difficult to me to climb up to the highest top of Heaven, as to persuade my mind to yield to the fulfilling of your requests: The pure and chaste Goddess Diana that sits now crowned amongst the golden Stars, will revenge my perjured promise, if I yield to your desires, for I have long since deeply vowed to spend my days in this Religious House, in honour of her Deity, and not to yield the flower of my Virginitie to any one, which Vow I will not infringe for all the Wealth of Rome: You know brave champions, that in time the watery drops will melt the hardest Diamond, and time may root this resolution out of my heart. Therefore I request you by honour of true Knighthood, and by the loves you bear to your Native Countries, to grant me the liberty of seven days, that I may at full consider with my heart before I give an answer to your demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick Sacrifice, as well to appease the Wrath which the chaste Goddess Diana may conceive against me, as to satisfy my own Soul for not fulfilling my Vow.

These Words were no sooner ended, but the Champions incontinently without any more delay joyfully consented, and moreover proffered themselves to be all present at the same sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great comfort.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the rest of the Nuns, and declared to them the whole discourse of her assaultment, whereafter amongst this Religious company with the help of some other of their approved friends, they devised a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since been the occasion that so many inhumane and bloody Sacrifices have been committed.

The next morning after six days were finished, no sooner did bright Phoebus shew his golden Beams abroad, but the Nuns began to prepare all things in readiness for the Sacrifice: for directly before the door of the Monastery they hired cunning Work-men to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloth of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the middle thereof) was placed a fair Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloth of Gold, and upon it a Chafin dish of Coals burning: all this being set in good order, the Emperor with the Christian Champions, and many other Roman Knights being present to behold the Ceremonious Sacrifice, little mistrusted the doleful Tragedy that after happened.

The Assembly being silent, there was straight-ways heard a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpers, and sundry other kinds of Instruments: these entered first upon the Scaffold, and

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next unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white Wool more soft in feeling than Arabian Silk, with huge and mighty charged Hoins, bound about with Garlands of Flowers; after them followed a certain number of Nuns attired in black Vestures, singing their accustomed Songs in the honour of Diana: after them followed an ancient Patron drawn in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in their hands the Image of Diana: and on either side of her two ancient Nuns of great estimation, each of them bearing in their hands rich Vessels of gold, full of most precious and sweet Wines: then after all this came the beautiful Lucina apparelled with a rich Robe of Chase, being of a great and inestimable Value.

Thus ceremoniously she ascended the Scaffold, where the Patron placed the Image of Diana behind the Chafing dish of Coals that was there burning: and the rest of the Nuns continued still singing their Songs and drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Rams by cutting their Throats, whose blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, & opened their bowels, and burned the inward parts in the Chafing dish of Coals.

This with the slaughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity: at the sight whereof was present the surfeiting Lover S. George, with the other six Christian Knights, armed all in bright Armour, & were all very attentive to this that I have here told you.

This Sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded silence to be made, and when all the company were still, she raised her self upon her feet, and with a heaby Voice distilling many salt Tears, she said:

O most excellent and chaste Diana, in whose blessed bosom we undefiled Virgins do recreate our selves, unto thy most Divine excellency do I now commend this my last Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotless Maiden of thy most beautiful Train.

O Heavens, shall I consent to deliver my Virginitie willingly to him whose Soul desires to have the use of it? Or shall I my self consent my utter ruine and sorrowful destruction, which proceedeth only by the means of my flourishing beauty? I would it had been as the night Ravens, or like to the raveny tanned Boys in the farthest Pountains of India.

O Sacred Diana thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost consent that a Virgin descended from so Royal a Race as I am, should suffer the worthiness of her Pedecessours to be spotted by yielding her Virgin honour to the conquest of Love without respecting the oath I made unto thy Deity?

Well

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Well, seeing it is so, that I must needs violate my self against all humane nature, I beseech thee to receive the solemnity of this my death, which I offer up in Sacrifice to thy Divine Excellency: for I am here constrained with mine own trembling hand to cut off the flourishing Branches of these my days. For this I swear before the Majesty of Diana, that I had rather offer up my Soul into the Society and sacred Bosom of that great Goddess than to yield the Cattle of my Chastity to the Conquest of any Knight in the World.

And now to thee I speak thou valiant Knight of England, behold here I yield unto thy hands my liveless Body, to use according to thy will and pleasure, requesting only this thing at thy hand, that as thou love me living, thou wilt love me dead, and like a merciful Champion, suffer me to receive a Princely Funeral.

At last of all to thee Divine Diana do I speak, accept of this my bleeding Soul, that with so much Blood is offered unto thee.

So in finishing this sorrowful Speech, she drew out a fair and bright shining Sword, which she had hidden secretly under her Gown, and setting the Hilt against the Scaffold (little looked for of her Father and those that were present) she suddenly threw herself upon the point of that Sword in such furious manner, that it parted her bloody heart in sunder, & so rendered her Soul to the tuition of her unto whom she offered her most bloody ruthless sacrifice.

What shall I here declare the lamentable sorrows and pitiful lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were present at this unhappy mischance? so great it was, that the Wall of the Monastery Echoed, and their pitiful shrieks ascended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in mind than the afflicted English Champion, who (like a man distraught of sense) in great fury rushed amongst the people, throwing them down on every side, till he ascended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead Body of Lucina, he took her up in his arms, and with a sorrowful and passionate voice he said: O my beloved Joy, and late my own hearts delight, is this the Sacrifice wherein (through thy desperateness) thou hast deceived me, who loved thee more than my life? Is this thy respite that thou requirest for seven days, wherein thou hast concluded thy own Death, and my utter Confusion.

O Noble Lucina, and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intention, why didst thou not first Sacrifice me thy Servant and Love, wholly subjected unto thy Divine Beauty? Woe be unto me, and woe be unto my unhappy enterprize: for by it is she lost, who was my dearest Sovereign Lady of my heart.

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O Diana, accursed be this Chance, because thou hast consented to so bloody a Tragedy : for I do here protest, that never more shalt thou be worshipped, but in thy stead every Land and Country where the English Champion cometh, shall *Lutina* be adored. For from henceforth will I seek to diminish thy Name, and blot it from the Godral of the Firmament ; yea, and utterly extinguish it forever, so that there shall never more memory remain of thee for this thy bloody Tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a Sacrifice.

No sooner had he delivered these Speeches, but incensed with fury, he drew his Sword and parted the Image of Diana into two pieces, professing to ruinate the Monastery within whose Walls the device of this bloody Sacrifice was concluded.

The Sorrow and extreme Grief of the Roman Emperour so exceeded for the murder of his Daughter, that he fell to the Earth in a senseless swoond, and was carried by certain of his Knights half dead with grief home to his Palace, where he remained speechless by the space of thirty days.

The Emperour had a Son as valiant in arms as any horn Italian, except *S. Anthony*. This young Prince whose Name was *Lucius* seeing his sisters timeless death, and by what means it was committed, he presently intended with a Train of an hundred armed Knights which continually attended upon his Person, to assail the discontented Champions, and by force of arms to revenge his Sisters death.

This resolution so encouraged the Roman Knights, but especially the Emperours Son, that betwixt these two companies began as terrible a Battle as ever was fought by any Knights ; the fierceness of their blows so exceeded the one side against the other, that they did resound Echoes, which yielded a terrible Noise in the Neighbouring Woods.

This Battle did continue betwixt them both sharp and fierce for the space of two hours, by which time the valour of the incensed Champions so prevailed, that most of the Roman Knights were discomfited and slain : some had their Heads parted from their shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs lopped off, and some lay breathless, weltring in their own blood, in which encounter many a Roman Lady lost her Husband, many a Widow was bereaved of her Son, and many a Child left Fatherless, to the great sorrow of the whole Country.

But when the valiant Young Prince of Rome saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many Noble Champions, he presently set spurs to his Horse, and fled from them like a heap of dust forced by a Whirlwind.

After

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After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their Names to triumph in the overthrow of a single Knight but remained still by the Scaffold, where they layed the sacrificed Virgin, under a Marble Stone close by the Monastery Wall. The which being done to their contentments, S. George engraved this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the point of his Dagger, which was in this wise following :

Under this Marble Stone interr'd doth lye,
Luckless Lucina, yet of Beauty bright :
Who to maintain her spotless Chastity,
Against the assailement of an English Knight,
Upon a Blade her tender Breast she cast ;
A bloody Offering to Diana chaste.

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Steeds, and had adue to the unhappy confines of Italy, hoping to find better Fortunes in other Countries. In which Trabel we will leave them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome : who after the discomfiture of the Roman Knights, fled in such haste from the furies of the Warlike Champions. After which, he like a raging Lyon traversed along by the River of Tybris, filling all places with his melancholy passions, untill such time as he entered into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his misfortunes. After he had in this solitary place unlaced his Helmet, and hurled it scornfully against the ground, the infernal Furies began to visit him, and to sting his Breast with motions of fiery revenge. In the end he cast up his wretched Eyes unto the Skies, and said :

O you fatal Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournful Habilliments, to cloak my wandring steps in eternal darkness ? Or shall I be made a Corn in Route for my Cowardize ? Or shall I return and accompany my Roman Friends in death, whose Blood methinks I see sprinkled about the Fields of Italy ? Methinks I hear their bleeding Souls fill each corner of the Earth with my base flight : therefore will I not live to be termed a fearful Coward, but die courageously by mine own hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtain the Conquest of my Death, nor triumph in my Fall.

This being said, he drew out his Dagger and clabe his heart in sunder. The News of whose desperate Death, after it was builred in his Father's ears, he intetred his Body with his sister Lucina, and stred over them a stately Chappel, wherein the Priests and ceremo-
nious

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nious Poulks during all their lives, sung Dirges for his Childrens Soules.

After this, the Emperoz made Proclamations through all his Dominions, that if any Knight were so hardy as to travel in pursuit after the English Champion, and by force of Arms to bring him back, or deliver his head unto the Emperoz, he should not only be held in great estimation through the Land, but receive the Government of the Empire after his decease. Which rich proffer so encouraged the minds of many adventurous Knights, that they went from sundry Provinces in the pursuit of S. George, but their attempts were all vain.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Tilts, and Turnaments, that were solemnly held in Constantinople by the Grecian Emperoz; and of the honourable Adventures that were there atchieved by the Christian Champions, with other strange accidents that hapned.

IN the Eastern parts of the World the Fame and valiant deeds of the Champions of Christendom, was noised with their Heroical Acts and feats of Arms, naming them the Vittour of Nobilitie, and the Types of bright Honour: all Kings and Princes (to whose ears the report of their Valours were bruted) desired much to behold their noble Personages. And when the Emperoz of Grecia (keeping then his Court in the City of Constantinople,) heard of their might and valiant deeds, he thirsted after their sight, and his mind could never be satisfied with content, until such time as he had devised a means to Train them unto his Court, not only in that he might enjoy the benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the presence of such renowned Knights: and therefore in this manner it was accomplished.

The Emperoz dispatched Messengers into divers parts of the World, gave them in charge to publish throughout every Country and Province as they went, of an honourable Turnament that should be holden in the City of Constantinople, within six months following, thereby to accomplish his intent, and to bring the Christian Champions (whose company he so much desired) unto his Court.

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This charge of the Christian Emperour (as he commanded) was speedily performed with such diligence, that in a short time it came to the ears of the Christian Knights, as they travelled betwixt the Provinces of Asia and Africa, who at the time appointed, came in great Pomp and Majesty to Constantinople, to furnish forth the honourable Triumphs.

At the same whereof likewise resorted thither a great number of Knights of great valour and strength, among whom was the Prince of Argier with a goodly company of Noble Persons, and the Prince of Fez with many well proportioned Knights: likewise came thither the King of Arabia in great state; and with no less Majesty came the King of Sicilla, and a Brother of his, who were both Giants. Many other brave and valiant Knights (whose Names I here omit) came thither to honour the Christian Emperour, for that he was very well esteemed of by them all. And as they came to honour the Triumphs, so likewise they came to prove their Fortitudes, and to get fame and Name, and the praise that belongeth to adventurous Knights. It was supposed of all the company that the King of Sicilla would gain by his Powers the Dignity from the rest, for that he was a Giant of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight, who determined not to joust, for that his Brother should get the honour and praise from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall understand.

For when the day of Turnament was come, all the Ladies and Damselfs put themselves in places to behold the jousting, and arrayed themselves in the greatest bravery that they could devise, and the great Court swarmed with People that came thither to behold the triumphant Turnament.

What shall I say here of the Emperours Daughter, the fair Alcida? who was of so great beauty that she seemed more like a Divine substance than an earthly Creature, and late glistering in rich ornaments amongst the other Ladies, like unto Phebus in the Capital Firmament, and was noted of all beholders to be the fairest Princess that ever mortal eye beheld: so when the Emperour was seated upon his Imperial Throne under a Tent of green Velvet: The Knights began to enter into the Lists: and he that first entered was the Knight of Arabia, mounted upon a very fair and well adorned Courser, he was armed with black Armour, all bespotted with silver knobs, and he brought with him fifty Knights all apparelled with the same Liberty, and thus with great Majesty he rode round about the Palace making great obedience unto all the honourable Ladies and Damselfs.

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After him entered the Pagan Knight, who was Lord of Syria, and armed with Armour of Lions Colour, accompanied with an hundred Knights all apparell'd in Velvet of the same Colour, and passed round about the Pallace, shewing unto the Ladies great friendship and courtesie as the other did.

Which being done, he beheld the King of Arabia tarrying to receive him at the Joust: and the Trumpets began to sound, giving them to understand, that they must prepare themselves ready to the encounter! whereto these two Knights were nothing unwilling, but spurred their Couriers with great fury, and closed together with courageous Valour.

The King of Arabia, most strongly made his Encounter, and strook the Pagan without missing upon his breast: but the Pagan at the next Race (being heated with fury) strook him so surely with his Lance, that he heaved him out of his Saddle, and he fell presently to the ground, after which the Pagan Knight rode up and down with great pride and gladness.

The Arabian King being thus overthrowen, there entered into the Lists the King of Argier, armed with no other Furniture but with Silver Mail, and a Breast-plate of bright Steel before his Breast: his pomp and pride exceeded all the Knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose his pride and arrogancy served; for at the first Encounter he was overthrowen to the ground: in like sort did that Pagan use fifteen other Knights of fifteen several Provinces, to the great wonder and amazement of the Emperour and all the Assembly.

During all these valiant Encounters, S. George with the other Christian Champions, stood afar off upon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be seen in the List.

But now this valiant Pagan after he had rode some six Courses up and down the place, and seeing none entered the Tilt-yard, he thought to beat all the fame and honour away for that day.

But at the same instant there entered the noble minded Prince of Fez, being for courage the only pride of his Country, he was a marvellous well-proportioned Knight, and was armed all in white Armour, wrought with excellent knots of Gold, and he brought in his company a hundred Knights, all attyred in white Satten, and riding about the place, he shewed his obedience unto the Emperour, and to all the Ladies, and thereupon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the noise wherof the two Knights spurred their Couriers, and made their Encounters so strong, and with such great fury, that

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the proud Pagan was tall to the Ground, and so departed the Lists with great dishonour.

Straight way entered the brave King of Sicilia; who was armed in a glistering Coat of very fine steel, and was mounted upon a mighty and strong Courser, and brought in his company two hundred Knights, all apparelled with rich cloth of Gold, having every one a several Instrument of Musick in their hands, sounding thereon a most delightful Melody.

And after the Sicilian King had made his accustomed compass, and courtesie in the place, he locked down his Beak and put himself in readiness to fight.

So when the sign was given by the chief Herald at Arms, they started their Horses and made their Encounters so valiantly, that the first Race they made, their Lances shivered in the air, and the pieces therefore scattered abroad like alpen leaves in a whirl-wind.

At the second course the young Prince of Fez was carried over his horse's buttocks, and the saddle with him betwixt his Legs, which was a great grief unto the Emperor and all the company that saw him, for that he was well-beloved of them all, and he held for a Knight of great estimation.

The Sicilian King grew proud at the Prince of Fez's overthrow, and was so enraged and furious, that in a small time he left not a Knight remaining on horse-back in the saddle that durst attempt to fight with him: but every one of what Country or Nation soever he unhorsed in the attempt: so that there was no question, among either Nobles or the Multitude, but that unto him the undoubted honour of the Victory in triumph would be ascribed.

But being in this arrogant pride, he heard a great Noise in the manner of a Tumult drawing near, which was the occasion that he stood still, and expecting some strange accident, and looking about what it should be, he beheld St. George entering the Lists, as then come from the Gallery, who was armed with his rich and strong armour all of purple, full of Golden stars, and before him rode the Champions of France, Italy, Spain and Scotland, all on strong Coursers, bearing in their hands four like streamers of four several Colours; and there followed him the Champion of Wales carrying his shield, whereon was portrayed a Golden Lion in a sable field; and the Champion of Ireland likewise carried his spear, being skynny Ash strongly bound about with plates of steel: all which showed the highness of his descent, in that so many brave Knights attended upon him.

So when St. George had passed by the Royal seat whereon

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the Emperour late inuested, in whose company were many Princes of great power, he rode along by the other side, whereas Alcida the Emperours fair Daughter late amongst many gallant Ladies and faire Damisels, richly apparalled in a Vesture of Gold, to whom he wailed his Dintier, bewing them the Courtesie of a Knight, and to passed by Alcida, who at the sight of this noble Champion, could not refrain her self, but with an high and bold voice she said vnto the Emperour: Most mighty Emperour, and my Royal Father, this is the Knight in whose power and strength all Christendom do put their Fortunes, and thus is he whom the whole world admires for Chivalry.

Which Words of the lovely Princess, although Saint George heard them very well, yet passed he on as though he had heard nothing. Now when he was come before the face of his aduersary, he took his Shield and his Spear, and prepared himself in readinesse to fight, and so being both provided, the Trumpets began to sound, whereat with great fury these two warlike Knights met together, and neither of them missed their Blows at their Encounter, but yet by reason that Saint George had a desire to extol his Fame, and to make his Name resound through the World, he strook the Giant such a mighty Blow upon his Breast, that he presently overthrow him to the ground, and so with great State and Majesty he passed along without any show of disdain, whereat the People gave so good a Shout, that it resounded like an Echo in the Ear, and in this manner he said: The great and furious Boaster is overthrowen, and his mightie strength hath little auailed him.

After this many Princes showed their Adventures against the English Champion, and every Knight that was of any estimation fulted with him, but with great ease he overcame them all in less than the space of two houres. So at such time as bright Phoebus began to make an end of his long Journey, and the day to draw to an end, there appeared to enter into the Lists the brave and mighty Giant, being Brother to the Sicilian King, with a mighty great Spear in his hand, whose glimmering point of steel glittered through all the Court, he brought with him but only one Squire, armed in Silver Mail, bringing in his hand another Lance.

By this furious Giant, without any care or courtesie vnto the Emperour, or any of his Knights there present, entered the place, which being done, the Squire that brought the other Spear, went vnto the English Champion, and said: Sir Knight, yonder brave and valliant Giant, my Lord and Master, doth send vnto thee this Warlike Spear, and therewithal he willett thee to defend thy self to

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the uttermost of thy power and strength, for he hath vowed before Sun-set, to be thy Lord of thy Fortunes, or a Vassal to thy Prowess; and likewise saith, that he doth not only dese thee in the Turnament, but also challenge thee to a mortal Battell.

This braving Message caused Saint George to smile, and bled in his Breast a new desire of honour, and so returned him this answer: Friend, go thy ways, and tell the Giant that sent thee, that I do accept his Command, although it do grieve my very Soul to hear his arrogant Desiance, to the great disturbance of this Royal Company, in presence of so mighty an Emperour: And seeing his Stomach is gorged with so much pride, tell him that George of England is ready to make his defence, and also that shortly he shall repent him by the pledge of my Knighthood.

In saying these Words, he took the Spear from the Squire, and delivered him his Gauntlet from his hand to carry to his Master, and so putting himself to the standing, awaiting for the Encounter. At that time he was very nigh the place where the Emperour sat, who heard the Answer which the English Knight made unto the Squire, and was much displeased that the Giant in such sort would defie St. George without any occasion.

But it was no time as then to speak, but to keep silence, and to mark what event came to his great Pride and Arrogance.

All this time the two Warriors (mounted upon their Steeds) carried the sign to be made by the Trumpers, which being given, they set forward their Couriers, with their Spears in their Vells, with so great fury and desire, the one to unhorse the other, that they both fell in their Encounter.

The Giant who was very strong and proud, when he saw that he had mislead his intent, he returned against Saint George, carrying his Spear upon his Shoulder, and coming nigh unto him, upon a sudden before he could clear himself, he struck him such a mighty blow upon his Coffer, that his Staff brake in pieces, by reason of the fineness of his Armour, and made the English Knight to double his Body backward upon his Horses Crupper.

But when he saw the great villany that the Giant used against him, his anger increased very much, and so taking his Spear in the same sort, he went towards the Giant and said:

Thou furious and proud Beast, thou scorn of Nature and enemy to true Knight-hood, thinkest thou for to entrap me treacherously, and to gore me at unawares, like to a savage Boar? Know as I am a Christian Knight, if my knotty Spear have good success, I will revenge me on thy incivility.

And

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And in saying this, he struck him so furiously on the breast, that the Spear passed thorow the Giants body, and appeared forth at his back, whereby he fell presently down dead to the ground, and pleased his life to the Conquest of the fatal Sisters: all that were present were very much amazed thereat, and wondered greatly at the strength and loyee of St. George, accounting him the fortunarest Knight that ever wielded Lance, and the very pattern of true Nobility.

At this time the golden Sun had finished his course, having nothing above the Horizon but his glittering Beams, whereby the Judge of the Tournament commanded with sound of Trumpets, that the Jests should cease, and make an end for that day.

So the Emperour descended from the Imperial Throne into the Tilting place, where all the Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the Noble Champion of England, and desired him, that he would go with them into his Palace, there to receive all Honours due unto a Knight of such desert: to the which he could not make any denial, but most willingly consented: After this the Emperours Daughter (in company of many Courteous Virgins) likewise descended from her place, where Alcida bellowed upon Saint George her Globe, the which he wore for her favour many a day after in his Burgonet.

The other six Christian Champions, although they merited no honour by his Tournament, because they did not try their Adventures therein, yet obtained they such good liking among the Grecian Ladies, that every one had his Mistress; and in their presence they long time fixed their chief delights: where we must leave the Champions in the Emperours Court for a time, surfeiting in pleasures, and return to St. George's Sons travelling the World to seek our Adventures.

CHAP. XVI.

How a Knight with two Heads tormented a beautiful Maiden, that had betrothed her self to the Emperours Son of Constantinople; and how she was rescued by Saint George's Sons; and after how they were brought by a strange Adventure into the Company of the Christian Champions, with other things that happened in the same Travels.

THis Renowned Emperour (within whose Court the Christian Champions made their abodes) of late years had a Son named Polkemes, in all virtues and Knightly demeanours, equal with any living. This young Prince in the spring time of his youth, through the piercing Darts of blind Cupid, fell in love with a Maiden of mean Parentage, but in beauty and other precious gifts of nature, most excellent.

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This Dulcippa (for so was she called) being but Daughter to a Country Gentleman, was restrained from the Emperours Court, and denyed the sight of her beloved Pollemus, and he forbidden to set his Affection so low, upon the Displeasure of the Emperour his father: for he being the Son of so mighty a Potentate, and she, the Daughter of so mean a Gentleman, was thought to be a match unfit and disagreeable to the Laws of the Countrey: and therefore they could not be suffered to manifest their loves as they would, but were constrained by stealth to enjoy each others beloved and much desired company.

So upon a time these two Lovers concluded to meet together in a Valley betwixt two Hills, in distance from the Emperours Court some three miles, whereas they might in secret (devoid of all suspicion) unite and fix both their hearts in one knot of true love, and to prevent the determination of their Parents that so unkindly thought to cross them.

And so when the appointed day drew on, Dulcippa arose from her careful Bed, and attired her self in rich and costly apparel, as though she had been going to perform her Nuptial Ceremonies.

And in this manner entered she the Valley, at such time as the Sun began to appear out of his Golden Horizon, and to shew himself upon the face of the Earth, glistering with his bright beams upon the silver-swoating Rivers. Likewise the calm Western Winds did very sweetly blow upon the green leaves, and made a delicate harmony at such time as the fairest Dulcippa (accompanied with high thoughts) approached the place of their appointed meeting.

But when she found not Prince Pollemus present, she determined to spend the time away till he came, in trimming of her golden hair, and decking her delicate Body, and such like delightful pleasures for her contentment and recreation.

So sitting down upon a green Bank under the shadow of a Myrtle Tree, she pulled a golden Crowl from her Head, wherein her hair was wrapped, letting it fall and disperse it self all abroad her back, and taking out from her Crystalline breast an Ivory Comb, she began to comb her hair, her hands and fingers seemed to be of white Alabaſter, her face staining the beauty of Roses and Lillies mixed together, and the rest of her Body comparable to Hyrens, upon whose lobe and beauty Mahomet did somewhat dote.

But now mark (gentle Reader) how crowning Fortune crossed her desires, and changed her wished joys into unexpected sorrows; for as she sat in this Divine and Angelical likeness, there happened to come wandring by an inhumane Tyrant, Arnamed the Knight

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Knight with two Heads, who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppressor of Infants, and an utter Enemy to vertuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights.

This Tyrant was bodied like unto a man, but covered all over with locks of Hair; He had two Heads, two Mouths, and four Eyes, but all red as blood. Which deformed creature presently ran unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his Arms, and carried her away over the Mountain into another Country, whither he intended to torment her, as you shall hear more at large hereafter.

But now return we to Prince Pollemus, who at the time appointed likewise prepared to meet his betrothed Love; but removing to the place, he found nothing but a silver Scarf, the which Dulcippa had let fall through the fearful frighting she took at the sight of the Two-headed Knight.

So sooner found he her Scarf, but he was oppressed extremely with sorrow, fearing Dulcippa was murdered by some inhumane means, and had left her Scarf as a Token that she infringed not her promise, but performed it to the loss of her own life: Therefore taking it up, and putting it next his heart, he breathed forth this woful Lamentation:

Here rest thou near unto my true loving heart, thou precious Token, and remembrance of my dearest Lady, never to be hence removed till such time as my eyes may either behold her Body, or my ears hear certain News of her untimely Death, that I may in death comfort with her.

Frown you glistring Lamps of Brightness, that gave first Light unto this fatal morning, for by your dismal Light the pride of Earthly Women is dishonoured, Come, come, you wrathful Planets, descend the luckless Horizon, and rain upon my head eternal vengeance, oppress my Body with continual misery, as once you did the woful King of *Cheres*: for by my slothful negligence and over-long tarrying, this bloody Tragedy hath been committed.

And for her sake I vow to travel through the World, as far as ever golden *Phebus* lends his Light, filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of her Name, and making the Elements resound with Echoes of my Lamentation.

In which resolution, he returned home to the Emperor his fathers Palace, dissembling his grief in such manner, that none could suspect his discontented Sorrows, nor the strange accident that unto beauteous Dulcippa had payned.

And so upon a day as he was meditating with himself, seeing the small comfort that he took in the Court, considering the want of her presence, whom he so much desired, he determined in great secrecy, as soon as it was possible, to depart the Court.

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Which determination he straightways put in practice, and took out of the Emperours Armoury very secretly, an exceeding good Coynar, the which was all Ruffet, and Enamelled with black, and embossed round about with a gilded edge, very curiously and artificially graven and carved.

Also he took a Shield of the same making, saving that it was not graven as the Armour was; and commanded a young Gentleman that was Son to an ancient Knight of Constantinople, of a good disposition and hardy, that he should keep them safely, and gave him to understand of his determined pretence.

Although it did grieve the young man very much, yet for all that, seeing the great friendship that he used towards him, in uttering his secrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very diligently took the Armour and hid it, till he found convenient time to put it into a ship very secretly.

So likewise, he put into the same Ship two of the best Horses which the Emperour had; and forthwith he gave the Prince to understand, that all things were then in a readines, and in good order: Pollemus dissembling with the accustomed sorrow that he used, withdrew himself into his Chamber, till such time as the dark Night came.

Which when it was come, he made himself ready with his apparel, and when all the People of the Court were at their rest and in their sleep, he alone with his Page, who was named Mercutio, departed the Palace, and went to the Sea-side. His Page did call the Harriners of the Ship, who straightway brought unto them their Boats, into the which they entered, and went straight aboard.

And being therein, for that the Wind was very fair, he commanded to weigh their Anchors, and to hoise up Sails, and to commit themselves to the mercy of the Waters; as he commanded all was done, and so in short time they found themselves ingulphed in the main Ocean, far from the sight of any Land.

But when the Emperour his father understood of his secret departure, the Lamentation which he made was very much; and he commanded his Knights to go unto the Sea-side to know if there were any Ship that departed that night? and when it was told them that there was a Barque that haled Anchor, and hoised Sail, they supposed straightway that the Prince was gone away.

I cannot here declare the great grief and sorrow which the Emperour felt in his woful heart for the absence of his Son, which a long time he always suspected and feared. But when the departure of Pollemus was bruited through all Constantinople, all sports and

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feasts ceased, and all the people of the Country were overcome with a general sorrow.

So Pollexenus sailed through the deep Seas three days and three nights, with a very fair and prosperous forewind.

The fourth day in the evening being calm, and no Wind at all, the Mariners went to take their rests, some on the Poop, and some on the fore Ship, for to ease their weary Bodies. The Prince (who sat upon the Poop of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, the which straight way was given him: and lung so sweetly, that it seemed to be a most Heavenly melody, and being in this sweet Musick, he heard a very lamentable cry as it were of a Woman, and leaving his delicate Musick, he gave a listening attentive ear to hearken what this sorrowful creature said, and by reason of the stillness of the Night, he might easily hear as it were a Woman uttering these Words:

It will little profit thee, thou cruel Tyrant, this thy bold hardiness, for that I am beloved of so worthy a Knight, as will undoubtedly revenge this tyrannous Cruelty proffered me.

Then he heard another Voice which seemed to answer:

Now I have thee in my power, there is no humane creature of strength able enough to deliver or redeem thee from the torments that (in my determination) I have purposed thou shalt endure.

Pollexenus could hear no more, by reason that the Bark wherein they were, passed by so swiftly; but he supposed that it was his Ladies voice which he heard, and that she was carried by force away. So (laying down his Lute) he began to fall into a great thought, and was very heavy and sorrowful, in that he knew not how to adventure for her Recovery.

Being in this cogitation, he returned to his Page which was asleep, and struck him with his foot, and awaked him, saying: What, didst thou not hear the great Lamentation that my Lady Dulcippa made (as to me it seemed) being in a small Barque that is passed by, and gone forwards along the Seas? To which the Page Mercutio answered nothing, for he was still in a sound sleep. To which the Prince called again, saying: Arise I say, bring forth my Armour, call upon the Mariners that they may launch their Boat into the Seas; for by the omnipotent Jupiter, I swear that I will not be called the Son of my Father, if I do suffer such violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my strength to revenge the same.

Mercutio would have replied unto him, but the furious countenance of the Prince would not give him leave, no, nor once to look upon his face: so he brought forth his Armour, and buckled it on.

In the mean time the Mariners had launched their Boat into the Sea,

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sea, whereinto he leaped with a hasty fury, and carryed with him his Page and four of the Harpiners for to row the Barque, and he commaunded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night, till such time as bright Phœbus with his glittering beams gave unto them such light, that they might discover and see the other Barque, although somewhat afar off.

So they laboured with great courage till two parts of the day was spent, at which time they saw come after them a Gally which was rowed with eight Dars upon a side, and it made so great speed, that with a trice they were with them, and he saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright Armour, to whom Pollemus called with a loud Voice, saying: Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Gally, that being in her, I may the better accomplish my desire.

The Knights which were in the Gally passed by the Prince without making return of any answer, but rather shewed that they made but little account of him.

These three Knights were the sons of the English Champion, who departed from their father in his Journey towards Babylon, to set the King again in his Kingdom.

But now to follow our History, the Prince of Constantinople seeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger and fury that he received, he took an Dar in one hand, and another in the other hand, and with such strength he struck the Water, that he made the storkful Barque to rise, and laboured so sore at the Dars, that with a trice they were equal with the Gally.

So leaving the Dars, with a light leap he put himself into the Gally with his Helm on, and his Shield at his Shoulder, and being within, he said: Now shall you do that by force, which before (I using great courtesie) you would not yield unto.

This being said, one of S. Georges Sons took the Encounter in hand, thinking it a blemish to the honour of Knighthood by multitudes to assail him; so they two brave Knights without any advantage the one of the other, made their Encounters so valiantly, that it was a wonder to all the Beholders.

The Prince of Constantinople struck the English Knight such a furious blow, that he made him decline his head to his Breast, and forced him to recoil backwards two or three steps, but he came quickly again to him self, and returned him so mighty a blow upon his Helmet, that he made all his Teeth to chatter in his head, which was pitiful to see.

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Then began betwixt them a marvellous and well-fought Battel, that all that beheld them greatly admired: with great Policy and strength they endured the bickering all day, and when they saw the dark and tenebrous night come upon them, they strove with more courage and strength to finish their Battel.

The Prince of Constantinople, puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lift up his Sword with both his hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that perforce he made him to fall to the ground, and therewithal offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the English Knight saw himself in that soze, he threw his Shield from him, and very strongly caught the other about the Neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a mighty and terrible Wrestling, tumbling and wallowing up and down the Galley, breaking their Planks and Cars, that it was strange to behold.

At this time the Night began to be very dark, wherefore they called for Lights, which presently were brought them by the Mariners; in the mean time these Knights did somewhat breath themselves, although it was not much. So when the lights were brought they returned to their old combate with new force and strength.

O Heavens, said Pellemus, I cannot believe to the contrary; but that this is Mars the God of War, that doth contend in a Battel with me, and for the great envy he bears against me, he goeth about to dishonour me: And with these Words they thickened their Blows with great desperateness.

And although this last assault continued more than two hours, yet neither of them did faint, but at the last, they both together lift up their Swords, and charged them together, the one upon the others Helmet, with so great strength, that both of them fell down upon the Hatches without any remembrance.

The rest that looked upon them, did verily believe that they were both dead, by reason of the abundance of blood which came forth at their Wounds, but quickly it was perceived that there was some hope of life in them. Then presently there was an agreement made betwixt the Knights of the Gally and Mariners of the Bark, that they should consjoin together and travel whither Fortune should conduct them; in this order as you have heard, carried they these two Knights without any remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople came to himself, with a loud Voice, he said: O Love, is it possible to be true, that I am overthrown in this first Encounter and Assault of my Knighthood? Here I curse the day of my Creation, and the hour when first I merited the

name

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name of Knight; henceforth I'll bury all my honours in this place, and spend the remnant of my life in base Cowardize: and in speaking these words, he cast his eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as one newly risen from a trance, who likewise breathed forth their discontented speeches: O unhappy Son of St. George, now a Coward and of little Valour, I know not how thou canst name thy self to be the Son of the valiantest Knight in the World, for that thou hast lost thy honour in this last Assault.

This being said, the two weary Knights concluded a peace betwixt them, and revealed each to the other their Names and Living, and therefore they adventured to travel; the which when it was known, they sailed forward that way whereas the dolorous Woman went, so in this sort they travelled all the rest of the Night that remained, till such time as the day began to be clear, and straightway they descried Land, to which place with great haste they rowed.

And coming a Land, they found no used way, but one narrow path, the which they kept: wherein they had not travelled long when they met with a poor simple Country Man, with a new ground hatchet in his hand, and he was going to cut some fire-wood off the high and broad spreading Trees, and of whom they demanded what Countrey and Land it was?

This Countrey (said he) is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knight, you must pardon me, for that I do request you to return again, and proceed no further, if you do esteem of your Lives, for in going this way there is nothing to be had but Death.

For that the Lord of this Countrey is a furious Monster, called the Two-headed Knight, and he is so furious in his Tyranny, that never any stranger could as yet escape out of his hand alive: And for proof of his Cruelty, no longer than yesterday he brought hither a Lady Prisoner, who at her first coming on shoar, he all to bewhiped and beat her in such sort, that it would make the most tyrannous tyrant that is, to relent and pity her distress, swearing that every day he would so torment her, till her life and body did make their separation.

Pollemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old Mans words, thinking the Lady to be his Dulcippa, after whom he so long travelled; the grief he received at this report, struck such a terrour to his heart, that he fell into a swoond, and was not able to go any further, but St. George's Sons, who knew him to be a Knight of much valour, encouraged him, and protected by the honour of their Knight-hoods, never to forsake his company, till they saw his Lady delivered from her torments, and he safely conducted home into his own Countrey.

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So travelling with this resolution, the night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to seek some convenient place to take their rests, and laying themselves down under a broad branched Oak Tree, they passed the night, pondering in their minds a thousand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glister with his beams upon the Mountain tops, these martial Knights were not slothful, but rose up and followed their Journeys.

After this, they had not travelled scarce half a mile, when that they heard a pittiful Lamentation of a Woman, whose voice by reason of her low shrieks, was very hoarse: so they staid to hear from whence that lamentable Voice should come.

And presently afar off, they beheld a high Pillar of Stone, out of the which there came forth a spout of fair and clear Water, and thereat was bound a Woman all naked, her back fastned to the Pillar, her arms backwards embracing it, with her hands fast bound behind her. Her skin was so fair and white, that if it had not been that they heard her lamentation, they would have judged her to have been an Image made artificially of Alabaster, and joyned to the Pillar.

These Warlike Knights laced on their Helmers, and came unto the place where she was, but when the Prince of Constantinople saw her, he presently knew her to be his Lady and lovely Mistress.

For by reason of the coldness of the Night and with her great Lamentation and Weeping, she was so full of sorrows and affliction, that she could scarce speak. Likewise the Princes heart so yerned at the sight of his unhappy Lady, that almost he could not look upon her for Weeping.

But per at last, with a sorrowful sigh he said: O cruel hands: is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischief, that whereas there is such great beauty and fairness, you should use such baseness and villany? she doth more deserve to be loved and served, than to be in this sort so evil intreated.

This woful Prince with much sorrow did behold her with fire skin and back all so bespotted with her blood, and taking a Cloak from one of the Harriners, he threw it upon her, and covered her body, and took her in his arms whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, till such time as she was loosed from those bands, and in the

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the Arms of her Lover. But yet she thought that she had been in the Arms of the Monstrous Two-headed Knight, and therefore she gave a terrible sigh, saying: *Oh Pollamius, my true betrothed husband, where art thou now, that thou canst not be able to see me?* And there-
 Michael ceased her Speeches.

The Prince hearing these Words, would have answered her, but he was disturbed by hearing of a great Noise of a Hoyle, which seemed to be in the Woods amongst the Trees.

The rest of the Knights proceeding to see what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the green Grass in the keeping of Prince Pollamius and the Mariner, and so St. George's Horse went towards the place whereas they heard that rushing Noise, and as they diligently lookt about them, they beheld the Two-headed Monster mounted upon a furious and great Palfrey, who returned to visit the Lady, were alive, for to torment her anew.

But when he came to the Pillar and saw that the Lady, with an ireful look he cast his eyes, looking round about him on every side, and at last he saw the three Knights coming towards him with a slow and quiet pace, and how the Lady was untied from the Pillar where he left her, and in the arms of another Knight, making her sorrowful complaint.

The Two-headed Knight seeing them in this order, with great Wrath he came riding upon his furious Hoyle towards them: and when he was near them, he said: Fond Knights, what wretched folly and madness hath bewitched you, that without any leave you have adventured to untie the Lady from the Pillar, where I left her, or come you to offer up your Blood in sacrifice upon my Fauchin? To whom one of the three valiant Brothers answered, and said: We be Knights of a strange Country, that at the sorrowful complaint of this Lady arrived at this place, and seeing her to be a fair and beautiful Woman, and without any desert to be thus evilintreated, it moved us to put our persons in adventure against them that will seem farther to misuse her.

In the mean time that the Knight was speaking these Words the ugly deformed Monster beheld him very precisely, knitting his brows with the great anger he had received in hearing his Speeches, and with great fury he spurred his monstrous Beast, that he made him ride so mighty a leap, that he had almost fallen on the English Knight: who with great lightness did deliver himself, and so drawing out his Sword, he would have stricken him, but the Beast passed by with so great swiftness that he could not reach him.

Here began as terrible a Battel between the Two-headed Knight and Saint George's Horse, as ever was fought by any Knights, their

their mighty blades seemed to rattle in the Elements like a terrible thunder, and their swords in strike sparkling like fire in such abundance, as though it had been front a Smiths Anvil.

During this Conflict, the English Knights were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a bloody gore, and their Helms buffed with the terrible strokes of the Monsters Rage, when they grew more thirged, and their strength began to increase in such sort, that one of them struck an overthrowing blow with his cruel sword upon his knee, and by reason that his Armour was not very good, he cut it clean asunder to the legs, and all fell to the ground, and the Two-headed Knight fell on the other side to the Earth, and with great roaring he began to rage and rage like a Beast, and to blaspheme against the fates for this his sudden mishap.

The other two brethren seeing this, presently cut off his two heads, whereby he was forced to yield to the mercy of Imperious Daech.

There was another Knight that came with this Monster, who when he saw all that had passed, with great fear returned the way from whence he came.

These Victorious Conquerours, when they saw that with so great ease they were delivered from the Tyrants Cruelty, with joyful hearts they departed with Conquest to the Prince of Constantinople, where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were altogether, they commanded the Hattiners to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Abomination about them: of this banquet the Knights were very glad, and rejoiced much at that which they had achieved, and commanded that the Lady should be very well looked to, and healed of her harm received.

So at the end of three days, when the princely Lady had recovered Health, they left the Country of Armenia, and departed back to the Seas, whereas they had left their Ships lying at road, that carried there until their coming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entered, but the Hattiners hoisted sail, and took their way towards Constantinople, as the Knights commanded. The Winds served them so prosperously, that within a small time they arrived in Greece, and Landed within two days Journey of the Coast, which lay then at Para about a mile from Constantinople.

Being a Land, the Prince Pollemius consulted with Sr. George's three

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three Sons, what course were best to be taken for their proceeding in the Court. For, saith he, unless I may with the Emperour my Fathers consent, enjoy my dearest Duleippa, I will live unknown in her company, rather than delight in the Heritage of ten such Empires.

At last, they concluded that the Lady should be covered in a black hail for being known, and Pollemus in black Arms, and the other Knights, all suitable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about ten in the morning entered the Pallace: where they found the Emperour, the seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall: to whom one of Saint Georges Sons thus spake:

Great Emperour and Noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady, hath long loved her: in their Births there is great difference, so that their Parents cross their affections: for him she hath endured much sorrow, and for her he will and hath suffered many hazards. His coming thus to your Court is to this end, to approve her the only desertful Lady in the world, himself the faithfulest Knight, against all Knights whatsoever, which with your Imperial leave, he, my self, and these two my Associates, will maintain: desiring your Majesty to give judgment as we shall deserve.

The Emperour condescended, and on the Green before the Pallace, there too overthrew more than four hundred Knights: so that Saint George and three other of the Champions entered the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the Black Knights, with one mowing them: who never suffered the points of their Spears to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Emperour observing, grieved them to be of acquaintance: wherefore giving judgment, that the Knight should possess his Lady, at his request they discovered themselves.

To describe the delightful comfort that the English Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the joy that the Emperour received at the return of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tyred senses can afford; I am therefore here forced to leave the flower of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople.

Of whose following Adventures I will at large discourse hereafter: and how all these famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what cause they were called the seven Sainets of Christendom.

The Second Part of the novel

C H A P T E R XVIII

Of the renowned and praise worthy Death of Saint Patrick, how he buried his own self: and for what cause the Irish men to this day, do wear their red Cross upon Saint Patrick's Day.

But must you suppose (gentle Readers) that a man had ran a long Race before these aforesaid thrice honoured Champions had purchased so many Right Worthy Victories: and being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy countenance began to challenge an end of all their worldly Achievements, and to draw their Noble Paines to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage (for honour) to act his last Scene out, thus it followed.

The Valiant Champion S. Patrick feeling himself tormented with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the builes of Princely Achievements, became an Hermite, and wandering up and down the World in poor Habilliments; he came at last to the Country of his Birth, which is now called Ireland, but in former times Hibernia, where instead of Martial Achievements, he offered up (in the name of his Redeemer) devout Prayers, daily making petitions to the Deity of Glory, in behalf of his beloved peace: a life more delightful to his aged Heart, than all his former accomplishments. And now willing to bid farewell to the World, he desired a cell to be made, and to be pent up in a stony Wall, from the sight of all earthly Things. To which request of this Holy Father (now no Soldier, but a man of Peace) the Inhabitants wholly condescended, and builded him a four-square House of Stone, without either Window or Door, only a little hole to receive his Food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be seen more alive by the eyes of mortal Men. Also appointing divers of the Country to bring him at convenient times Food to maintain Nature, which they delivered into the aforesaid hole, which they thought to be a deed of more than common charity, and he (the receiver) to be an honour to their Country by the severe and strict course of life he put himself to. Thus lived he the servant of his God day and night, kneeling on the bare ground, till thrice the Winters cold had taken departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheared up the cold Earth, making his knees hard with kneeling, and his eyes dim with Lamentations for

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by his former offences. In which time the Hairs of his Head were all over-grown and deformed, and the Nails of his Fingers (as it were) seemed like the Talons and Claws of an old Raven, with the which by little and little he digged his own Grave, prepared against the hour of his death to be buried in: the which by providence of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When he had waited (as I said before) thirte twelbe months in Prison Confinement, by Inspiration (as it seemed) he laid himself down in the Grave that his own Nails had digged: and feeling his body weak and feeble, ready to deliver up the ayre of Life, he began to speak as followeth.

World (quoth he) thou hast been long my kind friend, & hast graced my Name with many Titles of Honour, and making me famous in thy large circumference: thou hast given me Victories over all mine Enemies, and weakened the boldness of all my withstanders, that my Life and Name might be characterd amongst the rest of our Christian Champions, for which I have thought my self predestinated: as a lasting happiness, in that the Title of my fortunes challenged so long a Memoir. World (I say) fare thou well, my life lingereth but now to her last minute, which as willingly I here deliver up, as ever I brandish Weapon against powerful Pagan. I need no Pomp, and Train of Princes to attend my Funeral, nor solemn Companies of Bells to Ring me to my Grave, nor Troops of Mourners in sable Garbments, to furnish out my Obsequy: my self here buryeth up my self, and all Offices of Lamentations belonging to so bad a business as my own hand Labour. Earth, I embrace thee: thou gentle Mould, my Bodies covering, with humility I kiss thee: no difference is between thy cold Nature and my Lifes warm substance, we are both one, Emperours are but Earth, so am I. Thou Earth, gently do I yield my self into thy mouldy bosom. I come, I come, sweet Comforter, into thy hands I commend my Spirit. These and such like were the last Words that ever this good Champion delivered, so yielding to death, the Earth of it self as it were buried up his Body in the Grave, which his own hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead Picture, his Attenders, as their usual custom was, came with food to feed him, and calling at the hole where he had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty ayre blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that death had prevailed, and the said Soldiers finished up their labours: so calling together more company, they made an entrance therein, and finding what had hapned, how he had buried his own self, they reported it for a wonder up and down.

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down the Countrey, being an accident of much strangeness: for before that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole Kingdom, they pulled down the aforesaid House of Colmer, and in the same place builded in process of time a most sumptuous Chappel, calling it Saint Patricks Chappel, and in the place where this Holy Father had buried himself, they likewise created a Monument of much richness, framed upon Pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificial lights, most pleasant to behold; whereunto for many years after resorted distressed People, such as were commonly molested with loathsome Diseases, where making their Visions at Saint Patricks Tomb, they found help, and were restored to their former Healths.

By which means, the Fame of Saint Patrick is grown so famous through the World, that to this day he is intituled one of our Christian Champions, and the Saint for Ireland, where in remembrance of him, and of his honourable achievements done in his life time, the Irish-men as well in England as in that Countrey, do as yet in honour of his Name, keep one day in the year Festival, holding upon the same a great Solemnity, wearing upon their Hats each of them a Cross of red Silk, in token of his many Adventures, under the Christian Cross, as you have heard in the former History at large discoursed. Whole Noble Deeds both in life and Death will leave sleeping with him in his Grave, and speak of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted to Saint David, the Champion for Wales, at that time entituled Cambrian Britanus.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the honourable Victory won by Saint David in Wales: Of his Death, and cause why Leeks are by custom, of Welchmen, worn on Saint Davids day: with other things that hapned.

SOME certain Month after the departure of Saint Patrick from the City of Constantinople, from the other Champions, as you heard before in the last Chapter, Saint David having a heart still fired with Fame, thirsted even to his dying day for honourable achievements, and although age and time had almost wearied him away, yet would he once more make his Adventure in the Field of Mars, and seal up his honours in the records of Fame with a Noble farewell.

So upon a morning framing himself for a Knightly Enterprize, he took his leave of the other Champions, and all alone well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnished with sufficient Equipments,

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illments, for to have an enterprize he began a Journey home towards his own Country, accounting that his best joy, and the soil of his most comfort.

But long had he not travelled, ere he heard of the distresses there; how Wales was beleagued with a people of a Savage nature, thirsting for Blood, and the ruine of that brave Kingdom; and how that many Barrels had been fought to the disparagement of Christian Knight-hood. Whereupon arming himself with true resolution, he went forward with a courageous mind, either to redeem the same, or to lose his best blood in the honour of the Adventure.

Whereupon all the way as he travelled, he drew into his aid and assistance, all the best Knights he could find, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of Noble Rewards, and entertainment as desired to worthy a fellowship. By this means, before he came upon the Borders of Wales, he had gathered together the number of five hundred Knights, of such noble resolutions, that all Christendom could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battel, entered the Country, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries desaced, Cities ruinated, Fields of Corn consumed with fire, yea every thing so out of order, as if the Country had never been inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved mind he saw the Region of his Birth place so confounded, and nothing but upoars of murder and deatch sounded in his ears, he summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battel array to travel high up into the Country, for the performance of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there resorted to them people of all Ages, both young and old, bitterly complaining of the Wrongs thus done unto their Country. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to see, their joys so exceeded, that all former Moes were abolished, and they emboldened to nothing but revenge.

The rest of the Knights that came with St. David, perceiving their forces and numbers to increase, purposed a present onset; and to shew themselves before their Enemies; which lay incamped amongst the Mountains, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an Assaultment.

Whereupon the Noble Champion being then their General and Leader called his Captains together, and with a bold courage said as followeth:

Now is the time brave Martialists, to be canonized the Sons of Fame, this is the day of Dignity or Dishonour; an Enterprize to make us ever
five,

live, as to end our Names in obscurity: let not chill fear, the Cowards companion, pull us back from the golden Throne, where the adventurous Souldier sits in glory deservedly: we are to trample in a Field of death and dead men's Bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of great strength, as Pagans power that seeks to overthrow all Christian Kingdoms, and to wash our Christian Fields with innocent Blood. To Arms, I say, brave followers, I will be the first to give death the onset, and for my Colours of Ensign do I wear upon my Burgonet (you see a green one beset with Gold, which shall (if we win the Victory) hereafter be an honour unto Wales, and on this day, being the first of March, be for ever worn by the Welsh-men in remembrance hereof. These Words were no longer spoken by the Champion, but all the Royal Army of every degree and calling, got themselves the the Breconian Lances, which was each of them a green Leek upon their Hats or Banners, which they wore all the time of the Battel, and by that means the Champions followers were known from the others. This was not long a doing before S. David and his Company beheld descending from the Mountains, an Army of Pagans, as it seemed numberless, people of such mighty Statures, whose sight might even have daunted even noble Resolutions, had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with princely encouragements. Time stayed not long ere the Battels joined, and the Pagans with their Iron Clubs and Bars of Steel, to laid about them, that had not our Christian Army been preserved by miracle, such a slaughter had been made of the Champion and the Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Queen of Chance to favoured St. David and his followers, that what with their nimble Lances, keen Darts and Arrows shot from their quick Bows and Welsh Hooks, in great abundance, the Sun also shining in the Pagans faces, to their great disadvantage, that in short time the Noble Champion won a worthy Victory. The ground lay all covered with mingled Carcasses, the Grassie Fields changed from green into red colour, with the mingled Blood that ran from Hoofe and Hen thus murthered. A Noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battel to wear green Leeks in their Burgonets for their Colours, by which they were all known and preserved from the slaughter of one anothers Swords, only St. David himself excepted, who being Vain in the highest pride of his Glory, was at last vanquished. Unhappy fate to cut off his honour that was the silly darling of Honour! Welp his Melopemee to bewail his loss, that having won all, lost his dear life, a life that the whole World might well have miss of. Oh fatal Chance, in coming

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falling from the Battell, over-heated in Blood, a sudden cold con-
quered in all his lively Members; that without Recovery he was for-
ward yield unto death, to the great grief of all Knights and Follow-
ers, who for the space of forty days mourned for him in great hea-
viness, and after attended him unto his Grave with much sorrow.

Which being done, in the honour of his Name they ordained a
custom, that the day of his Martyrdom should be canonized, and called
in all after Ages S. David's day, being holden still upon the first of
March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the same day should like-
wise be worn, by all well-willers to the same Country, certain green
Roses in their Hats, or on their Bosoms, in true honour of this
S. David, which is still a praise worthy Custom in these our
Southern Countreys, which time beloved Souldier, we will now
leave sleeping in his Tomb in peace, and go forward in our other
intended Tragical Discourses.

CHAP. XIX.

Saint Denis was Beheaded in his own Countrey, and how by a
Miracle shewed at his Death, the whole Kingdom of France received the
Christian Faith.

Saint Denis being the third in this our Pilgrimage of Death, was
likewise desirous of the sight of his own Countrey, which he had
not seen in many years, and purposing a toilsome Travel to the
same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether wil-
ling to leave so Noble a Champion, yet considering the deare of his
mind, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best well-fare of
Knight-hood, and so parting, they to their Princely Pavillions, and
he to his restless Journey as well mounred, and as richly fur-
nished with habiliments of Knight-hood, as any Partisane in all
France, in which Countrey he was then: but leaving that place,
to satisfy his desires, he travelled day by day toward the Kingdom
of France, without any Adventure worth reporting, till he arrived
at the borders of that fair Countrey that he had so long wished to
see. But now see how fare frowned: the welcome he expected
was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred; for there was re-
siding in the French Kings service a Knight of St. Michaels Or-
der, who in former times hearing of the honourable Adventures of
this Noble Champion St. Denis, and thinking this same to be a dis-
sentiment to his Knight-hood and the rest of that Order, consi-
dered it to be his duty, and to bring all his former Honours with his
own a final overthrow.

Where

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Whereupon this envious Knight of Saint Michaels, goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no knowledge of the Deity) and said, There was come into his Kingdom a strange Knight, a false Believer, one that in time would draw the love of his Subjects from him, to the Worship of a strange God: and that in despite of him and his Country, he would establish a falsified Opinion, and that he wore upon his Breast the Christian Cross: **With** made other things contrary to the Laws of his Kingdom.

Upon these aforesaid false informations, the King grew so enraged, that without any more consideration, he caused the good Knight Saint Denis, to be attached in his Bed-chamber, otherwile a seat of the best Knights in all France had not been sufficient to bring him Prisoner to the Kings presence: before whom being no sooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cause he adjudged him a speedy Death, and by Martial Law (without any further Tryal) to receive the same.

The good Champion Saint Denis, even in Death having a most noble resolution, nothing at all dismayed, and knowing his cause to be good, and that he should suffer for the Name of his sweet Redeemer, he most willingly accepted of the same Judgment, saying: Most mighty, but yet cruel King, think not but yet this exceeding Tyranny will be requited in a strange manner: thy censure I take with much joy, in that I die for him, whose Colours I have worn from mine Infancy, and this my Death shall up the obligation of all my Comforts: And that sweet Country, where I am took life, receive it again a Legacy due unto thee: for this my Blood which I offer up into thy Bosoms, the best gift I can bestow upon thee: Farewel Knight-hood, farewell honourable Adventures and valiantly Achievements. Never may thy dauntless arm brandish Weapon more in honour of the Christian Cross: for death awaiteth at any back to cut off all such noble hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed thereto.

These Speeches being uttered, he was forced to stand clear, and in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yield his Body to the fatal stroke: where his Head being lately upon the Block, was by a base Executioner, quickly disjoined from the rest of his manly Members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion lifeless, but the Elements being with cloudy exhalations, sent down such a terrible Thunder-clap that struck presently dead, the Knight of Saint Michael that accursed him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment: at which strange and fearful spectacle the King himself grew so amazed, that he deemed him to be a blessed Creature, and that he had suffered wrongfully.

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and how his cause for which he so willingly rendred up his life, was the true cause, which all must have a desire to die in: Wherefore incontinent from a Pagan the King turned Christian, and caused the same to be proclaimed through all his Provinces, ordaining Churches to be built in remembrance of this great Man: And likewise in the place where he suffered, he caused with all speed to be built an Hermirage of relief for poor Pilgrims to find succour in, and such as travelled in the honour of that God, in whose Name this good Champion dyed. Thus received France the true Faith; in which we leave it flourishing, and speak of Saint James the Spanish Champion, and how he dyed.

CHAP. XX.

Of the Tyrannous Death that the Spanish Champion was put unto: and how God revenged the same in a strange manner: and of other things that hapned.

Yet gentle Reader with a sad eye, prepare to give Entertainment to the dolorous manner of the Spanish Champions Death; who by Tyranny and cruel Dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For Age and Time, as upon the fount, grew upon him, and so enfeebled his strength, that he was no longer able to manage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the Battels of his Davour. Wherefore resolving to spend the remnant of his days in peace, he desired leave likewise to commit his fortunes to the Queen of Chance: which as the other did, he quickly obtained; and so leaving Constantinople, he put himself to travel towards the Country of his first Being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his Spanish Palfrey: but poor and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furnished with Gold and Jewels of inestimable value, which he had stowed up in the patches of a ragged Capeline, the better to travel with: where instead of a bright shining Carle-Are his Pilgrims Staff served him to walk with, and for his Bugonnet of glistening Steel, he covered his head now as with a Chille-down with Age; with a hat of gray colour, broached with a broad Scallop-shell, his Princely Lodgings were changed to green Pattes, and his Canopies to the holes mured covering; where the Pigeon-hole and Lark told the times passage. These were now his best contents and comforts that time and age bestowed upon him.

In which manner travelling many days and nights, giving still

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as he went the poor and needy such small pieces of Silver as he well could spare; he arrived at last upon the Confines of Spain: Where in honour of that God, for whom he had fought so many Battles, he builded up at his own charge a most sumptuous Chappel, to this day bearing the Name of Saint Jacques Chappel: and for the maintenance thereof, purchased divers Lands adjoining: with Quittances to sing a Day and Night therein Alleluia to his Redeemer.

This Celestial gift and glorious customs so prepared, begot such love of the meaner sort of People, that they esteemed him more than a Man, with a reverence of such regard bestowed upon him, that the very Name of this Noble Champion won greater admiration than the high Tiths of their Countries King, who being then a cruel Tyrant and proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew so envious thereat, that he caused good Saint Jacques, with the whole Quire of his Celestial Singers, to be closed up together in the Chappel which the Champion had erected, so starved them to death. Oh bloody butchery, and inhumane cruelty! a death of more terror than ever was heard of. Next in rising up his Mothers Womb to see the Bed of his Creation, was not half so cruel. But to be short, hunger prevailed and they dead, their Bodies putrified, and in time continued away to dust and mould, whereupon the Lord to shew how they died in his favour, and the love of Heaven, insisted such a light in the Chappel, that it shined Day and Night with such a glorious brightness, as if it had been the glorious Palace of the Sun: and likewise continually was heard therein (though no Creature remaining) such a sweet Harmony, as if it had been the sound of Celestial Angels, which strange pleasures both to the eyes and ear, bred so great amazement to the whole Countrey, that all with the common consent accused their King for the tyrannous putting to death of these good men so cruelly murdered; but especially the noble S. Jacques, that they purposed to hold him for their Countreys Saint and Champion till the Worlds dissolution. The proud King perceiving that his own rashness, and his common hate against him for this doing, took an inward conceit of grief, that without taking any further rest, he languished away and died: Thus have you heard the Tragedy of the Spanish Champion, whom we likewise commit to the sweet sleeps of Eternity, and pass on further to more dreadful Accidents.

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CHAP. XXI.

Of the Honourable and Worthy Death of the Italian Champion, how in the height of pleasure in his own Countrey, death (by a Prophecy) seized upon him.

After all these aforesaid Proceedings, Nature the common Nurse of us all, so wrought in the heart of Saint Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next Tragical Enterprize, and leaving Saint George with Saint Andrew, resting their weary Bones in the Emperours Court of Constantinople, where they lately atchieved so many Praises of Knighthood, he took his Journey towards Italy, and knowing by the course of Nature, that his Days were not many, he purposed there to set up his livery rest, and in Death to finish up all Earthly Troubles. So coming after a long Journey to the City of Rome, where the Emperour Domitian kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefest Pomp and Glory, won great desire in the Champions Mind, to see the Monuments of the same.

So upon the Mornning going from his Lodging, he walked up and down the Streets with admiration, and fed his eyes with many delightful Objects. First with great wonder he stood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the honour of all their famous Emperours, Counsellors, Orators, and Conquerours, things which yielded him great Pleasure. The next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve Sibyls, a most miraculous building: in which Temple were all their Prophecies inscribed, as also the beginning and ending of the whole Catalogue of the Heavhen Gods, as Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, and such like; with their manner of Worship. The next that he saw was the House of Remus and Romulus that builded Rome, a building of much Admiration. Beside it stood an antique Pillor (an old rotten thing) where the man lay that was condemned to death, and could have no body come to him and succour him, but was leacher, yet was kept alive a long space by sucking of his Daughters Breasts. After this he saw Pompeys Theatre, reared up one of the first Monuments of the World: the Emperour Nero's Tomb maintained with negligence, for in offence he did in setting Rome on fire. To conclude, he spent many days in viewing the Emperours Tombs and other Reliques brought from Jerusalem, amongst many other delightful sights, he went into a Chappel dedicated unto himself, called The house of Saint

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St. Anthony: Wherein was portrayed in Alabaster Pictures, the true forms of all the Champions of Christendom, with the Stories of all their Adventures, Combats, Turnaments, and Battles, their Imprisonments, Dangers, and Enchantments, all Portrayed and Pictured up by Enchantments and Witchcraft, whereupon ran a Prophecie, that the Parron of this Chappel should ever live unconquered, and never embrace Death, till his eyes were witnesses of the same Portrayures; which in golden Letters were subscribed over the Chappel Door or Entrance. All which when **St. Anthony** had beheld, and knowing by Inspiration himself to be the Man, with a meek mind embraced his own end, and never after departed the Chappel, but remained kneeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Orisons of repentance to the eternal Deity, till pale Destiny had cut off the threads of his old days.

And thus being converted to mouldy Earth, the Emperour caused him to be Intomb'd in the same Chappel: and over his Grave rose let a magnificent Chair, in which Chair for many years after, the Roman Conquerours receive their Laurel rewards of **Pacifick Victory**, under whose Banner and Name, even to this day they make their Adventures: to which high Honour and Fame both lived and dyed this praise worthy Champion **St. Anthony of Italy**.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the Martyrdom of **St. Andrew** the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Countrey, and by what means Scotland was brought unto the Christian Faith.

Saint George and **Saint Andrew** were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest love remained between them two: but yet rusty Time with his swift course would needs part them, and break this their united fellowship. For the summons of Honour so animated the bold heart of the Scottish Champion, that he burned with desire to see his Native Country, and to behold the place of his first Being. For leaving Constantinople, only honoured with the presence of **Saint George** and his two Sons, in great solity of mind he travelled month by month, week by week, day by day, till Time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdom of Scotland: where having not been in many years before, he received such Entertainment as if he had been the great Emperour

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Emperour of the World: for all the streets and passages as he went were furnished with people of the best regard, to give him a gracious welcome to his native home: especially the King himself, who for the love and honour he bore unto his Name and Knighthood, lodged him his own Palace, and proclaimed for his noble Welcome a Princely Turnament to be holden for the space of fifteen days, in which time all the Nobility and Martial Knights of Scotland performed such well-approved Achievements, that not Greece, Constantinople, Rome nor Jerusalem could equal them in the least regard. But St. Andrew being now aged, and unapt for such Princely Encounters, sat as a beholder, censuring of the best deservet, and gave such due commendations as belicet to gallant a company: and for a farewell of such time honoured Pastimes, he desired leave of the King to depart, and to spend the remnant of his life in private contemplations, for the good of his Soul, & to wash away with the water of true penitence, all that blood he had spilt in his Travel about the World. In the maintenance of Knighthood: a request so reasonable, that the King could not refuse but give his consent. So taking leave of his Majesty, & the rest of the Nobility & Knights there present, he departed up to a Mountain far remote from the Kings Tower, under which by Nature was erected a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remained for the space of a year studying Divinity, and the Commandments of his Redeemer, Scotland being then a rude and Paganish Countrey, where the common sort of People inhabited, by which means he was much admired, and supposed to be sent from some place unknown, as a Messenger to bring them evil tidings: Whereupon those misbelieving people by a common consent taking him for some subtil Conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then they worshipped put him secretly to death, and after cutting off his Head in hope of reward, bore it to the King, deeming they had done a deed of much deserved commendations: Which inhumane Cruelty when the King saw, with much grief he lamented the loss of this good Man, and with all speed in revenge of his Death, raised a power of his best resolved Knights of War, putting every one to the sword, both Man, Woman, and Child, that in any manner consented to the Champions Harrydom: and after, in process of time, appointed a Monastery to be built in the same place where he died, causing the whole Kingdom to be brought in subjection to a quiet Government, and Christianed in the right belief of this holy Father. This was the last Deed of St. Andrew, by whose Death Scotland received the true Faith, in which it now remaineth.

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CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by St. George; how he received his Death by the sting of a venomous Dragon: and of the Honours and Royalties done unto his Name, being intituled our English Patron of Knighthood.

NEw droops my weary Hulse, for he is come unto her latest Tragedy, S. George is summoned to the Bar of Death, where magnificent honour stands ready to give his Page a Noble Renown to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three Sons, Guy, Alexander, and David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his mind, that he could not rest nor sleep; sometimes supposing, his Companions were in great distrels: other while how they had won the chiefest Goal of Honour, little needing his Knightly service and assistance: sometimes one thing, sometimes another, so molested him, that he must needs make his Adventure to follow them. Whereupon calling his three Sons together, he went to the Grecian Emperor, and requested that they might all four depart with his leave and liking, for Knightly Adventures had challenged them all to appear in some foreign Region, where Noble Achievements were to be performed, but where and in what Countrey his Destiny had not yet revealed to him. So furnishing them all four in Habilliments of shining steel, they left Constantinople, as it were guided by Fate, until they came into England, then called Britain, whose chalky Cliffs S. George had not seen in more twelve years, and now coming with a sweet embracement of his Native Countrey, he gave his three Sons therein a most joyful welcome, shewing them to their great comfort, the happy Situation of the Towns & Cities, & the pleasant prospects of the Fields as they passed, when they came within the sight of the City Coventry, where he was born, and received his first being: upon whose pleasing prospect he no longer casting his eye-light, but the Inhabitants intercepted his pleasure delights with a doleful Report, how upon Dunsmore-Heath as they remained an instant Dragon that he smothered the Countrey, that the Inhabitants thereabouts could not see, since Death without great danger: & how that these Knights, for the Kingdom had already lost their lives in adventuring to suppress the same. This being thus understood of a Prophecy, That a Christian Knight never born of a Woman, should

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the Destroyer thereof, and his Name in after Ages for Accomplishing
the Adventure, should be holden for an eternal Honour to the Kingdom.
Saint George no sooner hearing thereof, and what Wrongs his
native Country received by this infectious Dragon, and knowing
himself to be the Knight, grew so encouraged, that he purposed
resolutely to put the Adventure in trial, & either to free his Country
from so great danger, or to finish his days in the attempt; so taking
leave of his Sons & the rest there present, he rode toward with as no-
ble a spirit, as he did in Egypt, when he there combated with the bur-
ning Dragon. So coming to the middle of the Plain, where his in-
fernal Enemy lay couching the ground, in a deep Cave, who by a
strange instinct of Nature knowing his death to draw near, made
such a yelling Noise, as if the Element had burst with Thunder, or
the Earth had shook with a terrible Exhalation, so coming from
his Den, and spying the Champion, he ran with such fury against
him, as if he would have devoured both Man and Horse in a mo-
ment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave the Dragon
such way, that he mist him, and with hissing ran full two foor in
to the Earth, but looking, he returned again with such rage as
in Saint George, that he had almost torn his Horse over and over,
but that the Dragon having no stay of his strength, fell with his
back down head upon the ground, and his feet upward, whereat the
Champion taking advantage, kept him still down with his Horse
standing upon him fighting, as you see in the Picture of St. George,
with his lance going him through in divers parts of the Body; and
withal contrariwise, the Dragons sting annoyed the good Knight
in such sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slain and weltered
in his venomous Goze, but Saint George likewise took his
Deaths Wound by the deep strokes of the Dragons sting, which
he received in divers parts of his Body, and bled in such a-
bundance, that his strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak;
yet retaining the true Nobleness of Mind, valiantly returned Almo-
ro to the City of Coventry, where his three Sons with the whole Inha-
bitants stood without the Gates in great Royalty to receive him, and
to give him the honour that belonged to so worthy a Conqueror, who
no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dra-
gons Head which so long had annoyed the Countrey, but what with
the abundance of Blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the
long bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced in his Sons
Arms to yield up his breath, for whom his three Princely Sons
long lamented, making the greatest mourning that ever was.

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was made in any Kingdom; and again they were so seconded by the grief of the whole Country, that all the Land from the Irish to the Shepherd, indured for him for the space of a Month: when his time being ended, the King of this Country being a valiant and Noble Prince, advanced Saint George's three Sons, Noble & Ages: First the eldest of them named Guy, to be Earl of Warwick, and high Chamberlain of his Household. The next named Alexander, according to his Name, to be Captain General of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to be his Cup-bearer, and Controller of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise in remembrance of their Noble Father the Christian Champion, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn Procession about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chief Nobility of the Country, upon the 23 day of April, naming it St. George's Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was born, and caused a stately Monument to be erected in Honour of him, though now by the ruines of time defaced and abolished. And likewise decreed by the consent of the whole Kingdom, that the Baron of the Land should be named Saint George's our Christian Champion, in that he had fought so many Battles in the Honour of Christendom. All which we see (with many more Honours) to this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who (no doubt) resteth in eternal peace, with the other renowned Champions of Christendom. So God grant we may do all.

F I N I S.

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